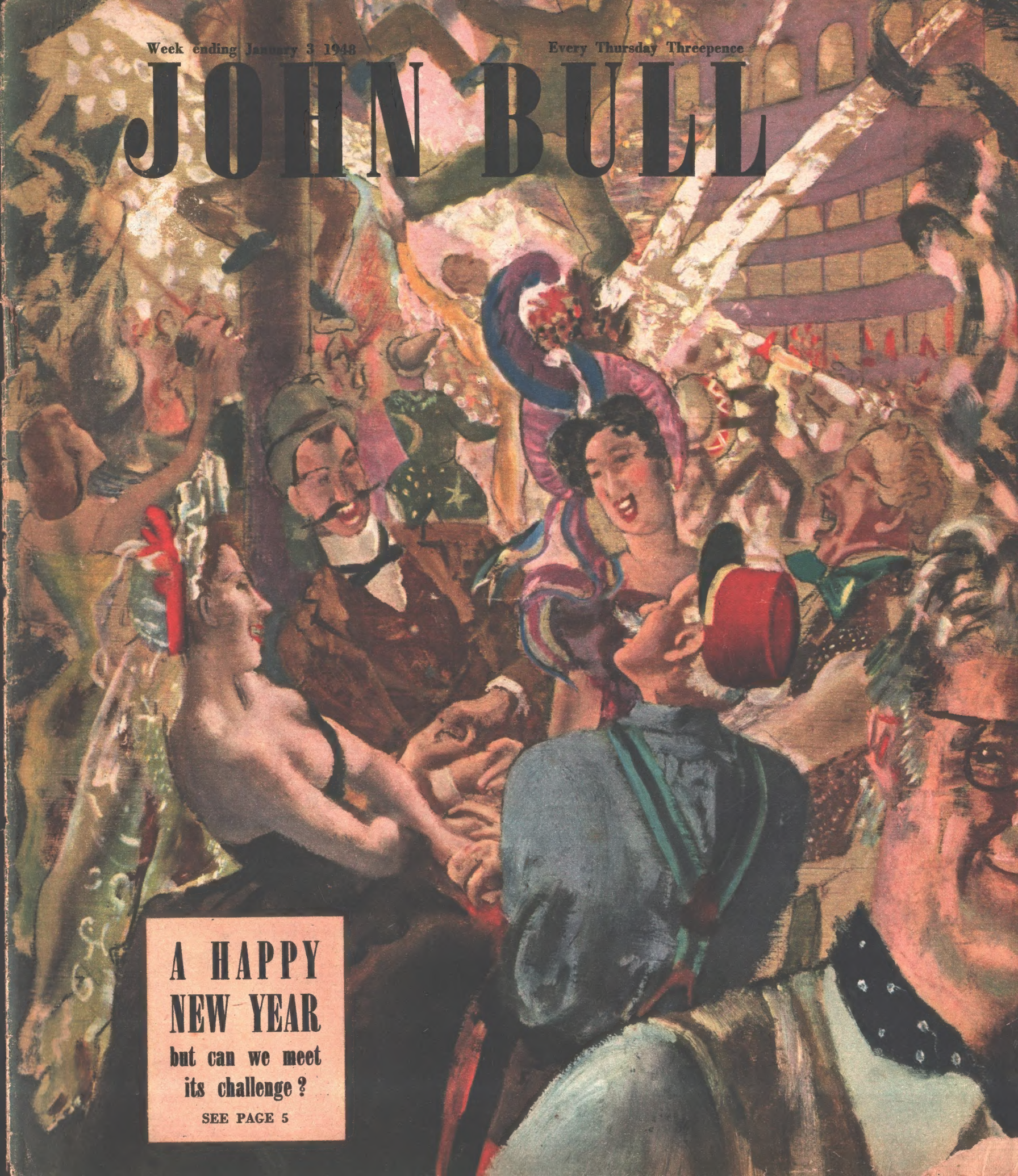
Week ending January 3 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



A HAPPY NEW YEAR

but can we meet its challenge?

SEE PAGE 5

VITAMIN B_1 YEAST—

a priority need for good health

Good health, let alone vigorous energy, is impossible without a full ration of Vitamin B1. You need at least 500 Units a day, and modern diet does not provide this amount.

If you are not always at the top of your form, keen, vigorous, energetic, suspect a deficiency of Vitamin B1. Begin taking D.C.L. Vitamin B1 Yeast Tablets and see how your health improves.

D.C.L. Vitamin B1 Yeast Tablets consist wholly of yeast, each ounce of which has developed during cell growth a natural Vitamin B potency equivalent to that of 25 m/gs. of aneurin hydrochloride, 1.4 m/gs. of riboflavin, and 8 m/gs. of nicotinic acid. Each tablet has a Vitamin B1 potency of 100 International Units (approx.) and is rich in proteins and other nutrients. One tablet should be taken 3 times a day or as prescribed by the physician.

From all chemists 2/3d. (50 tablets). 3/9d. (100 tablets).

DCL *Vitamin B_1* YEAST TABLETS

THE DAILY TONIC EVERYBODY NEEDS

Sole manufacturers: The Distillers Co. Ltd., Edinburgh.

Thousands of School of Accountancy students have risen from the ranks to

SUCCESSFUL CAREERS

as Directors, Managers, Accountants, Company Secretaries, Cost Accountants, Office Managers, Auditors, Local Government Officers, Cashiers, Chief Clerks and in other Executive Appointments at salaries ranging from £350 to £2,000 a year. The School of Accountancy Postal Tuition brings success to average men and women who have the initiative to qualify for responsible positions.

J. D. C. MACKAY Founder

SEND FOR THIS 170 PAGE FREE GUIDE TO CAREERS

the most valuable book ever published on Careers in Commerce, Industry and Public Service. Read the inspiring records of postal students in every branch of administration, and in Matriculation, Professional and Commercial Examinations. Learn how you can obtain free advice from the Careers Adviser.

The School of Accountancy

58 Regent House, Glasgow, C.2 *and Shell House Johannesburg*

DAMSON CREAM

Late Night Final, Limetail, White Heart Cherry, Whoopee, Creamy Egg Flip, New Yorker. Wonderful names for wonderful Cocktails. The war reduced the quantity available, but it never reduced the *quality* of

Maldano

WINE COCKTAILS

Supplies are available in limited quantities from good wine merchants.

Manikin Moments . .

Light up a Manikin and add to the friendly atmosphere of your club or local. You'll enjoy the Mild Havana Flavour of these grand little cigars.

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 for 2/6

Made by J. R. FREEMAN & SON LTD. (Established 1839) royds 47/6/1

RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION

THANKS TO MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

The wide popularity of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of its efficacy in relieving Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder Price 2/10 & 6/8 (inc. tax).

Also in Tablet Form

Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets Price 1/8 & 2/10 and in Handy Pocket Pack 10d.

Only genuine if signed—"ALEX. C. MACLEAN"

KIDDIES LOVE ITS FRUITY FLAVOUR

It's 44% FRUIT says Master O'Kay

O.K. SAUCE

Ready smile - sparkling eyes!

How fit she must feel! Like thousands more she keeps her system in perfect order with Beecham's Pills, the gentle, reliable laxative. Take Beecham's Pills yourself—they'll keep you fit and cheerful. 1/6 and 3/8, including Purchase Tax. Twists—3 for 3½d.

YOUR GOLDEN RULE OF HEALTH

Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

"OLD SQUAREFACE" *returns!*

"Old Squareface" is back again, ready for old friends and the new generation who will enjoy Hollands Gin for the first time.

(ASK UNCLE OR AUNTIE)

DeKuYPER HOLLANDS GIN

34/- PER BOTTLE

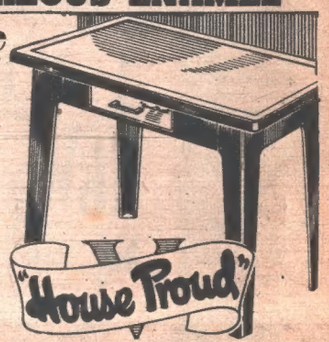
All eyes on the girl with the *magnesia smile!* Such sparkling white teeth. Such healthy pink gums. Such sweet breath. Only Phillips' Dental Magnesia can give you that magnesia smile because only this toothpaste contains * 'Milk of Magnesia' which many dentists advise for neutralizing harmful mouth acids.

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia*

Ronuk Polishes

And now for the first time

The ALL VITREOUS ENAMEL Kitchen Table *SCRATCH FREE*



The vitreous enamel top in pastel shades, with skirting and legs in black vitreous enamel. Front of the baize lined drawer in vitreous enamel to match the top. A super hard finish that will last a lifetime. No chipping or cracking.

33" long. 21" wide. 30" high.

FIXED RETAIL PRICE £7.18.4 INC. P.T.

Obtainable only from approved "House Proud" distributors. Write for leaflet No. 32 to VERNONS SALES, 9 Vernon Street, Liverpool 2.

VERNONS INDUSTRIES LTD. LIVERPOOL

With normal usage outlasts all other kitchen tables

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage on single copies: Inland 1½d. Canada and Abroad, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand; Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa; Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London

JANUARY 3, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2166

Tasks for 1948

THE OMENS OF 1948, in spite of our present austerities, are better than they were for 1947.

We have reached our crisis, faced up to it, shed our illusions, and begun successfully to fight back. We may not have touched the bottom of hardships, but we have surely turned the last corner of complacency!

And we know that there are two great tasks for 1948—to keep up our production at home, and to keep our patience abroad.

For the nations are more and not less divided as a result of the Foreign Ministers' failure to agree in London before Christmas.

This is an enormous pity, but the facts must be faced squarely.

The Russians will inevitably persist in accusing the Americans of "buying up" Europe, and we in Britain will inevitably come in for our share of abuse—if not more than our share.

Hence the supreme need for our patience in 1948. It is no use being angry because the Russians seem to us wrong-headed and unco-operative. We have simply got to work for the reconstruction of Western Europe, while keeping the door always open for agreement between East and West.

The new trade pact with the Soviet is bound to be a powerful influence for good. Russian grain and British machines should prove, in the long run, to be more eloquent ambassadors than any shadow-boxing diplomats round conference tables.

Which brings us back once more to production at home. We see that peace, as well as plenty, may depend on turning out the goods for export.

That is the only way to get a happy and progressive New Year.

Watch the Railways

IT IS A PITY that the nationalisation of the railways this week could not be launched with a fanfare of good news for the long-suffering third-class passenger.

He would like to have been told of better services, lower fares, clean new carriages, electrified lines, more up-to-date stations and a return of other travel amenities he once enjoyed.

Well, he will have to wait. The cuts in capital expenditure affect the railways as well as the building and factory programmes. There isn't yet the money or the manpower to spare for modernizing our travel.

But everyone who now rides in our dirty, ramshackle trains will look to the State, the new proprietor, to get on with the job immediately the country can afford it. There will no longer be any question of meeting the claims of private shareholders first. Therefore there must be no unnecessary delay in making improvements. That will be the test by which nationalisation stands or falls.

And alongside better passenger services, industry and commerce will expect, one day not too far off, faster, cheaper freight services, too. Good management will be all-important. It must bring the worst parts of our railway system up to the level of the best.

It will be watched anxiously, too, by the other great group of people affected—the railwaymen.

How well they respond to leadership has been shown recently by the speed-up in the turn-around of coal wagons. For them the State must prove itself a wise and benevolent employer.

When the crisis is conquered these men, who have worked hard and faithfully, often under appalling conditions through the war and the aftermath, will be entitled to a better deal.

Praise the Miners

THE PRICE OF COAL goes up this week by half a crown a ton at the pithead. This increase is to pay for the rise in wages awarded to the miners. Let no man grudge it.

Nothing did more in the last weeks of 1947 to brighten our prospects for 1948 than the extra coal raised.

The outlook, compared with six months earlier, was transformed. Not only was the worst threat of a fuel shortage this winter removed, but we actually resumed small exports of coal.

Ernest Bevin told us a year back that if the miners would give him 30,000,000 tons of export coal he could change the international outlook as well as solve our own problems. That target is still a long way off, but is not any longer a hopeless dream.

In the middle of last year, after the honeymoon of nationalisation was over, the Coal Board and the miners went through a bad time. Discontent was widespread and the new bosses seemed worse than the old ones.

Now, grievances are being solved, and relations are improving, in spite of unofficial strikes here and there. And the miners responded magnificently, as they always do in times of crisis, to the nation's pressing need.

So the National Coal Board starts its second year with bigger output, more manpower and solid progress made towards mechanizing backward pits.

The miners, in short, are saving us again. The extra two and sixpence a ton must be made up by economies elsewhere. It may prove to be the best half-crown investment this old country ever made.

Sporting Challenge

THIS IS TO BE A GREAT YEAR of spectacular sport, and we welcome it because sport is the healthiest and cheapest of pleasures. It costs no dollars, so long as it is not allowed to interfere with production, and, therefore, in days of austerity we can do with more of it.

But there is another side to the international contests which will reach a climax at the Olympic Games. Intense rivalry is always engendered by this festival, and our foreign guests will be striving to beat us on our own ground.

It will be bad for British prestige abroad and our own self-respect if we fail to win at least a fair share of the events.

Yet there is a real danger of failure because our athletes, after many years on a rationed diet, have not the stamina of the men from America and other well-fed countries.

Since we are competing in the Olympic Games in the full glare of world publicity, the Food Minister should consider making arrangements to meet the challenge. A special ration for our athletes, between now and August, might make all the difference to their prowess—and to foreigners' impressions of Britain. If we can spare the food, it would be worth trying.

LETTERS THAT LIVE

Robert Louis Stevenson to his father and mother

"My dearest People,—I have had a great piece of news. There has been offered for *Treasure Island*—how much do you suppose? A hundred pounds, all alive, O! A hundred jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid. Is not this wonderful? . . . it does look as if I should support myself without trouble in the future.

"Your loving and ecstatic son,

TREESURE EILAAN"

THE DISCRIMINATION of a writer is reflected in the quality of his writing-paper. That is why the craftsmanship which goes to the making of Basildon Bond is so important.

Basildon Bond BRITAIN'S MOST DISTINGUISHED NOTEPAPER

HONEYBUNCH, THE EARLY BIRD, AND THE WORM

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

So grateful — so genial — so GOOD

Ah! BISTO

FOR HASHES AND STEWS

CLEAN LOOKS . . . BUT STILL WITH A WORK-WEARY SKIN?

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

makes you FRESH IN EVERY PORE

LBT 678-943 A LEVER PRODUCT

NO CHILBLAINS *this Winter*

Your hands are hard to hide! That's why disfiguring, unlovely chilblains are both embarassing and painful. They hurt your pride almost as much as they hurt you. But you don't need to suffer this unsightly and agonizing affliction. Nilblain sees to that. This new "2 way 4 day" treatment gets after chilblains internally as well as externally, it soothes the pain while it counteracts calcium deficiency which, together with cold and damp are major causes of chilblains. Try Nilblain today. See how swiftly chilblains are relieved; see your hands look smooth and lovely again.

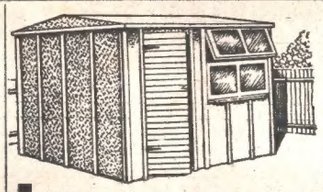
NILBLAIN is a DOUBLE treatment. Both the soothing ointment (for outward application) and the tiny tablets (to be taken) are enclosed in ONE convenient container. Sold by all Chemists.

when you use

NILBLAIN

the "2 way 4 day" treatment for **CHILBLAINS**

Write for free Booklet "The Cause & Treatment of Chilblains" to Dept. (B.W.8) J. W. Simpson (Chemist) Limited, 42/43, Museum Street, London, W.C.1



SHEDS

Large & small—for all purposes
As illustrated above 6' 6" x 5' x 6' 6" from £14.5s. Carr. Pd. Many other designs

POULTRY ARKS
Write, phone or call for details. Open Saturday afternoons.

Garages & Greenhouses

J. THORN & SONS LTD
Box 189B Brampton Rd. Bexleyheath, Kent
Tel. : Bexleyheath 305

HOBBIES
BRITISH FRETWORK OUTFITS

FOR FRETWORK, MODELS, GALLEONS, PUZZLES, TOYS, etc.

A happy hobby for pleasure and profit. Any Hobbies Outfit provides all necessary tools and instructions. See them at Hobbies Branches or send for leaflet to Dept. 45, Hobbies Ltd., Dereham, Norfolk.

Have a Bev!

A HOT DRINK IN A WINK

Made by Lyons of Cadby Hall.

CVS 13

KERFOOTS MEDICINAL LOZENGES

based on the skill and experience of three generations

KERFOOT

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley • Lancashire

KG27

A NEW FUR COAT!
—and all I did was put VITE-GRAVY in the SHEPHERD'S PIE

TESTED by 1000 WOMEN

For *super-delicious* shepherd's pie—so rich and satisfying—add Symington's Vite-Gravy. This was proved in a recent test when 1000 housewives tried Vite-Gravy in meat dishes. "The best-ever flavouring" was their overwhelming vote. Vite-Gravy makes *grand* gravy for the roast, too!

W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOROUGH.

The family friend

Friendly and comforting in many a minor digestive upset. Bringing double-action relief promptly and pleasantly. A gentle laxative; an effective antacid. Kept at hand in all the best regulated families.

'Milk of Magnesia'
Regd. Trade Mark

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

THE COMMON COLD —*a plan for its prevention*

Every year, many thousands of people successfully avoid colds with the help of Serocalcin. Its use, both in the prevention and treatment of the common cold, has given consistently satisfactory results. Serocalcin is not infallible, but its record is such that it merits a trial by everyone subject to colds.

Prevention of Colds
Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months immunity from colds.

Treatment of an existing Cold
Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold this often clears up the attack in 3 to 4 days. Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

Serocalcin is available in two sizes: 60 tablets for the immunising course and 20 tablets for treatment.

All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN
FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF COLDS Regd

Say *Player's Please* — they always do

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD
[NOC 620F]

YOU CAN QUICKLY QUALIFY FOR ONE OF THESE
WELL PAID CAREERS
IN COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

The men and women who succeed are those possessing the necessary SPECIALIZED KNOWLEDGE to fill the higher paid positions. You can gain this specialized knowledge through interesting spare time home study. Remember, the higher you climb the greater your security. Make your future secure! Post the coupon today.

Here is a Career for You

The College conducts examination or diploma postal courses in the following subjects:

Accountancy	I. Factory Mgr. Ex.
Secretaryship	I. Prodn. Eng. Ex.
Costing	Works Management
Business Training	Foundry Practice
Civil Service	Machine Shop Practice
L.C.C. Exams.	Tool Room
Matriculation	Welding
Salesmanship	Moulding
Sales Management	Prodn. Control
Export	Process Planning
Personnel Mgmt.	Foremanship
Draughtsmanship	Jig & Tool Des'n.
Met. Police	Press Tool Des'n.
Ratefixing	Eng. Science
Time Study	Pattern Making

POST THIS COUPON

Please send free details of
.....
Name .....
Address .....
320B .....

WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE LTD.
Dept. 320B, Attwood House, Finchley Road, London, N.W.3

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

We duet as a regular feature

Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste Large tube, 1/6 *(inc. Tax)*

This is a critical New Year for you, for the country, for the world. Material shortages may ease up, but what of the honesty shortage—what of selfishness, fear, greed? Daily these evils extend their grip, warns the Rev. W. E. PURCELL. The fight for our moral standards is on—a fight against the clock. Already . . .

Specially drawn for John Bull by Arthur Wragg

. . . it's five minutes to twelve!

THIS IS NOT AN ORDINARY NEW YEAR. It is a moment of crisis and destiny for all our tomorrows. The next twelve months, the next 365 revolutions of the mysterious globe we inhabit, contain immense possibilities of good and evil for everyone in it.

Now is the hour. . . . The hour for all to ask a personal question: How do we stand, here in Britain, how equipped are we, for this march into the critical future?

Materially, we are beginning to know the answer. Signs increase that a majority now have jerked out of the dreams of any automatic return to "normal." The prize now is survival. The record begins to show that, as usual, most people have reacted well to being told this.

Although, of course, our material troubles are not over yet, recent Government "reports to the nation" give an encouraging picture. Coal output is rising. We are the only European country producing more steel than before the war. British shipyards are building half the world's tonnage.

But spiritually, morally—in that whole department of our lives covered by the term "morale"—the picture is not anything like as reassuring. There are sinister influences at work. That is the fact. And there is no reason why we should not react as well to being told about that as we do when other plain truths are put before us.

On the spiritual, moral, religious side of life—call it what you like—very serious danger signals include an honesty shortage and an enthusiasm shortage. Moreover, our last reserves of traditional religious faith are draining fast away.

Indifference, selfishness, fear, and a drably materialist outlook are self-inflicted wounds resulting in a casualty list larger than we can afford. We never could afford these things anyway. For years the shock-absorbers of wealth and security made their impact less noticeable, but they were always wrong, like the appalling slums which existed side by side with the glittering West End of Edwardian London. Now they are crucial weaknesses.

These Evils Hold Us Back

Four attitudes to life today are holding back the momentum of recovery. Thousands manning the machines of Britain's production drive are being misled, discouraged, talked into alarm and despondency, and shoved back to a dead level of outlook by Indifference *(I couldn't care less)*, Selfishness *(To hell with you—I'm all right)*, Fear *(There's bound to be a war, old man)*, Materialism *(Beliefs? Ideals? Not interested, chum)*.

A good many of us help the job on. Anyone who acts with blatant selfishness today or who publicly talks moral defection, taking, with a gloomy relish, a dim view of the present and a still dimmer one of the future, is doing in this department of life what a sneezer in a crowded bus does in the physical. He is spreading infection.

One sneeze isn't so bad. But several million, every day, all over the place, can start an epidemic. One selfish act, one gripe at things, isn't so bad. But several million every day—at the pit, at the bench, in the queue—can start a moral epidemic. Exactly how tremendously grave this is cannot be seen unless the question of our personal outlook here at home is viewed against the background of the world's dramatic situation at the birth of 1948.

This is not an ordinary New Year. There is even more to it than the obvious fact that the machinery of life is beginning to creak too obviously to give anyone a confident impression of being able to continue indefinitely as it is. An almanac, brought to my door by an old man like Father Time, prophesies shipwrecks, trouble in the Ruhr, great interest in the Cup Final, and a rise in production—the mixture, in fact, much as before. But this cannot now be taken for granted.

It is by no means certain that our old earth, endlessly waltzing round the sun to the music of the spheres, will somehow continue to get along. What is certain is that the clock face of history stands now at five minutes to twelve. This is not the eleventh hour for your and the children's future. It is well after that—now.

Does that mean the end of the world? Some of those commonsense prophets, whose factual equipment in modern times largely replaces Old Moore's wobbling telescope into the future, do not laugh off even that ultimate possibility.

The scientist strokes a long chin. It could happen, of course, under certain circumstances. . . . The economist looks up from a pile of memoranda. There is certainly an unprecedented overall shortage of basic commodities, notably food. . . . Both

testimonies boil down to a devil's mixture of possibilities in a world where atomic power can co-exist with a civilization which has not yet learned to put finance second in importance to starvation.

Prices fluctuate on Wall Street. The ribs stick out in Europe. The politician stares down into Whitehall, wondering, as Cenotaph flags toss. His American counterpart, equally thoughtful, stares over Washington. The capital of the world's richest country is looking fine: but they're said to be mighty busy over there in the Pentagon Building, where the armed forces live. And somewhere in the Kremlin a figure stands at a window to watch snow falling upon Moscow.

All of them know that the world stands now at a crisis of human relationships. When it is five minutes to twelve there is not much time left in which to disconnect those fatal circuits of cause and effect—selfishness wired to economic disaster, fear to war, negative attitudes to grimly positive consequences. And when it is five minutes to twelve there is no endless tomorrow in which any of us can go on pursuing his own individual ends.

H. G. Wells once wrote a story about a comet which strayed into our earth's orbit. Its threat to the world was soon recognized. Things of everyday desires—ambitions, another shilling in the pay packet—which had once seemed so important, faded in interest as the greater peril loomed.

Our situation—the whole world's situation—today is similar in that a great danger looms, different in that it comes from within ourselves. The question is whether we can in time produce the moral strength to see us through this crisis.

The prophetic almanac says there will be eclipses in 1948, two of the sun, one of the moon, none of them observable at Greenwich. Without a moral new deal there might well be another—that of our world. That is the real danger. *The* world isn't going to blow itself up very easily. But *our* world stands in genuine danger of dropping to pieces from within if the rottenness gets into the core.

And *our* world will come to an end if democracy ceases to work. With it will go familiar yet precious things, far more precious than unlimited nylons or cigarettes at a shilling for twenty. For with it will go the right to think as we like, to believe as we like; the right to all that is involved in the phrase, "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

If We Don't Meet This Bill

These things, like everything else, are to be had at a price—the price of self-discipline and moral responsibility regularly payable by a majority of the people. When that bill is not met the goods themselves are in short supply. Utility substitutes take their place: life only for the obedient, liberty only for the powerful, the pursuit of happiness only for a small number of V.I.P.s on the right side of the fence. These things already operate over considerable areas, an eclipse of freedom not yet observed at Greenwich.

Make no mistake, you, at this fateful moment, are an important person. You, here in Britain, are part of a revolution by peaceful means which the whole world is watching.

Succeed, through the process of law, through the popular will, in your struggle back to economic health and strength, and in every place the decent people, who see life much as you do, but who are now pushed to the background, will be vastly encouraged, and the dark extremes of human government, ready to come out and grimly take a bow, will find themselves not called for.

That is why your moral outlook is much more than a parson's hobbyhorse, or a sectarian consideration. That is why the modern Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—Selfishness, Fear, Indifference, Materialism—are now, at five to twelve by history's clock, such deadly things. Because the common cold loses us a million man-hours a year, scientists are researching into its origins. And precisely because these mental attitudes, in which millions wallow, could quite well lose us our world, their origins, too, should be known.

NEXT WEEK: Selfishness—Cause and Cure

NOW WE NEED THE STARS

by HUBERT COLE

Take one good-looking girl, apply "it" and mix with right publicity. The result: a film star. A star system for British films may be bad art—but it's good business

"WHO'S IN IT? That's what they want to know. The direction may be clever and the story exciting, but they'll still go up the road for Betty Grable, or round the corner for Errol Flynn, or into the next town for Rita Hayworth—unless there's somebody *in* it.

"Who have we got? You can count the box office names on one hand. Margaret Lockwood, James Mason, Stewart Granger, Anna Neagle . . . maybe you can think of others, but when I put them up on the boards outside I doubt if they add half a dozen customers between them."

So said the manager of a Midlands cinema. He is as patriotic as the next man; he would like to see British films beating the world. But he has a wife and kids who need to eat. He can't fly in the face of the box office; so he books the inferior Hollywood film with its array of established stars rather than the possibly superior British picture with its cast of comparative unknowns.

The star system is illogical; it is bad for the cinema as an art; it entails paying grossly inflated salaries to people of very small talent; *but* it has proved itself to be commercially sound. A film industry must offer quantity as well as quality.

In Britain, despite the shortage of studio space, we have already reached the point where the films we produce cannot all be brilliant. To convert the weaker productions into box office successes we must put attractive stars in them. But we have not nearly enough film stars to go round.

It Doesn't Need Genius

Is this because we have no star material? On the contrary, the potential stars of tomorrow can be spotted any Saturday afternoon in the streets of any provincial city. Don't be taken in by the arty-crafty heresy that stars have to be born geniuses, trained at dramatic schools and sweated in repertory companies for coffee and stale buns before they are equipped to dazzle us on the screen.

Garbo went into pictures straight from a barber's shop; Dorothy Lamour worked a lift in a department store; Paulette Goddard began in a Goldwyn chorus-line; Robert Taylor graduated to stardom from college. Maybe (with one exception) they can't act. But we are not discussing actors; we are discussing stars.

If he knows how to handle his material, a film producer can make a star out of almost anything, including a pig's ear.

If he knows how to handle his material. That is the operative clause. In this country we don't.

In Hollywood, a photographer's model with looks and personality is put under long-term contract,

given brief elementary training in film technique, tried out in a small part. If she looks as good on the screen as she does in the flesh, she is given a much bigger role opposite an established male star, so that she may share some of his reflected glory. If she again looks good in the studio projection theatre, the publicity men get to work on her.

She spends days in the still-photographer's studio, she makes personal appearances, a glamorous biography is invented for her, the gossip columns of newspapers carry her advice to housewives on how to cook and to grandmothers on how to suck eggs. She is run off her feet in this quite fantastic campaign to cram her name and her physical appearance into the regrettably empty heads of the filmgoing public. For her next picture she gets a leading role and a chorus of "Oh, yes, that's Sally LaFoni—I've read all about her," from the eager customers.

From now on, if she attends regularly to her duties of posing for glamorous photographs and saying the right things to reporters, of doing exactly as she is told by the film director on the set and by the publicity director in the front office, she can't go wrong. Hollywood has made another star.

Now see what happens in Britain. A young woman from the R.A.D.A. (where they train people primarily for the stage, not the cinema) gets a contract from a producer. Maybe she goes to what used to be called the Rank "Charm School," until somebody decided that the name was perhaps a little vulgar, and changed it back to the "Company of Youth." The change is significant. "Company of Youth" is a fine, inspiring, dignified sort of title.

Example of right grooming: Kieron Moore (seen left with Dulcie Grey) showed physique first, acting later. Wrong grooming: Jean Simmons (above) has made nine films in two years, is being "rushed off her feet"

Any parish organization would be proud to have thought it up. It has undertones of eager amateurs and cleverly home-made costumes and dashing Brownies.

But it lags rather a long way down the course when competing with "it," "S.A.," "oomph," and the other selling slogans from across the Atlantic.

While at the training establishment the young woman is heavily photographed attending premieres, riding in the park, and indulging in such cheesecake activities as sailing a boat from the wrong end, cooking, or displaying the latest style of cycling bloomers.

Premature Publicity Can "Kill"

Some day the young lady from the training school gets a tiny part in a real moving picture. Because of all the advance publicity, her name and appearance are familiar. When, halfway through the picture, she comes in full of carefully nurtured Shaftesbury Avenue nonchalance, says: "Eh hevvn't the feentest ehdeeah," and then disappears for good, the customers are both bewildered and disappointed. Premature publicity and misguided training have finished her off.

For the young girl who escapes that peril, more wolves are howling. They are the producers, waiting to pounce on anything that looks like becoming a star and rush it into their starless pictures.

Consider the experience of Jean Simmons. Miss Simmons is eighteen years old. After one or two minor appearances, she scored a hit as the young Estella in *Great Expectations*. Since then she has been rushed off her feet. With no breathing space she has been bustled into five more films. In little more than two years she has played in nine. A young actress cannot give of her best at that speed.

It will be interesting to see if Korda succeeds where Rank is failing, for Korda has a male Jean Simmons under contract. This young man, Kieron Moore, is virtually a star after two pictures. The first, *A Man About the House*, gave him little to do beyond displaying his very creditable torso. The second, *Mine Own Executioner*, lets him show that he knows quite a bit about acting. The sequence of these two roles shows that Korda knows his public: first the body and then the ability is the recipe for attracting the box office clients.

Another test case will be Richard Attenborough. Attenborough did well as the young airman in *Journey Together*, walked through unimpressive roles in a couple of other pictures, and is almost certain to startle the public as the ruthless young gangster in *Brighton Rock*. He has the good fortune to be under contract to the Boulting Brothers, producers who are not only intelligent but also independent. They will give him another change of character in *The Guinea Pig*, and can be relied on to see that he is neither overworked, forgotten, nor eternally type-cast.

This problem of variety and frequency of roles is important. Hollywood's weak spot is in using one actor in the same sort of part over and over again. Our own is in allowing actors to be away from the screen for so long that they are forgotten. See what happened to Trevor Howard who, after brilliant performances in *Brief Encounter*, *I See a Dark Stranger* and three other pictures, was allowed to return to the stage and play to audiences numbered in thousands instead of millions. Unless he returns to films soon, the impression he made on filmgoers will have been wiped out.

Many actors prefer working in the theatre, but the cinema cannot afford to share its players with a medium which is not only different in style but also is liable to take the players out of circulation for long stage runs.

Producers must make a practice of putting large lumps of salt on the tails of their prospective stars in the form of long-term contracts. At the same time, they must insert clauses into the contracts which will make it clear to the actors and actresses that, in return for being given an inflated reputation and salary, they will have to submit to discipline.

Despite their natural tendency to believe the high-pressure adulatory nonsense that is written about them, they must remember that it is publicity that makes them important. And that there is no such thing as publicity without a little embarrassing vulgarity.

It is my unhumble opinion that the British public will never be as gullible as the American public. It will not swallow the same outrageous stunts, keyed to so low an intelligence quotient. But the filmgoers of the two countries are not so entirely different in their tastes that we should regard the proper relationship between stars and public in Britain as on a level with that between Dame Sybil Thorndyke and the dramatic critic of *The Times*.

Pin-ups, Not Throw-outs

Yet that seems to have been the basis on which, for instance, Kathleen Ryan was publicised when she played in *Odd Man Out*. Miss Ryan, a new and young and attractive actress, appeared throughout the film in either a grubby jumper or a grubbier mackintosh. And the only still-photographs put out by the studio showed her in that same grubby jumper and grubbier mackintosh.

You can hear the very superior dictum going out: "This is an extremely distinguished film; we will have no cheap publicity stunts; artists will be photographed only as they appear in the film." It is a fine policy, positively stinking with integrity. But who is going to see the girl in the dirty jumper when they can go and see the sleekly gowned and coiffed Lana Turner (even though she, too, may get a little mussed up in some films—but never for publicity pictures)?

I imagine the publicity man had little say in that decision. But then, in Britain, the publicity man has little say in anything. He enjoys the social status of an unsuccessful spiv. His employers give him no authority; the stars give him no respect. If he wants a photograph taken or an interview arranged, he doesn't just ask the star for her co-operation, he begs. In Hollywood, his opposite number doesn't just ask, he orders.

Our best-known male star, James Mason, virtually ran his own publicity campaign, producing a nicely timed flow of calculated and provocative utterances which fixed him in the public imagination.

Our best-known female star, Anna Neagle, was promoted from the chorus to something approaching national status by her director-producer, Herbert Wilcox, who is probably the greatest publicist of them all.

Catch Them Young

If Mr. Rank will take a tip from Mr. Wilcox, who has been in this British film business for a very long time, he will concentrate on building stars.

To do that he must catch them young, before they have been ruined by theatre training; he must bind them hand and foot by contract; he must not abuse his powers by overworking them; he must engage the best publicity men and then give them a free hand *over* the stars; and he must remember that, though Hollywood publicity has sometimes been guilty of regrettable excesses of taste, it has built a great commercial enterprise out of a peep-show and a collection of not-very-bright players.

That is really the main consideration: that British producers should realize that the film industry cannot flourish without stars. Intelligence, freshness, an adult point of view—these qualities are very desirable, but British films have not enough of them to sell all our pictures now, and will certainly not have enough to sell even a quarter of them in the expansive days which we hope lie ahead.

We've got to conform to the commercial system. We've got to provide what the public asks for. We've got to be ready with the answer to that eternal question: Who's *in* it?

THE FENCE

by WILL SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

The fence was old, but Amos could think back beyond it. Which was unfortunate for Smith

Through the hedge Amos saw the stranger filling in a big hole

AMOS PULLED ASIDE the curtain at the back of his little shop window and exhibited the view rather as though the whole thing belonged to him, sky and all. The narrow private lane that twisted down out of the road, the orchard across the little stream, the cottage between and the long field beyond. It was better than any of the postcards that Amos sold to the summer people.

Even the man who was buying fags admitted it was one of the grandest little views he had ever seen.

And now here was this row of white notices on poles, stepping out like a foul procession across the long field almost up to the walls of the cottage, saying what the council intended to do, and under which sub-section of which Act.

"They're taking in that tall wooden fence and all that part of the garden?" asked the man who was buying fags.

"Wherever the notices says, mister," said old Amos. "Doing the old view properly *in*."

The man who was buying fags then took a line that old Amos wasn't expecting. That cottage opposite was the sort of cottage he'd always wanted to live in, he said. And he needed a rest right now; business in London these days was wearing. Would the owner be prepared to let the place furnished for a week or two? And who was the owner?

Amos soon told him that, adding that the owner of the cottage would do anything for money, even to selling the long field and half his garden for council houses. You had to see Kelver's down in the town. They were the agents.

The man who was buying fags thanked Amos, went out and turned his car round, and set off to see Kelver's down in the town. And it wasn't until he was driving away that Amos had the funny idea he had met the man before. Where and when he couldn't say.

HE reckoned he must be fancying things, so he wiped the man out of his mind and went back to glaring at the offending procession of little poles marching across his beloved View. And on Saturday the man came back in his car, the tenant of the cottage for two weeks. He said his name was Smith.

The coming of Mr. Smith caused no excitement in the village, even after Amos one evening at the "Duck" insisted three times that he had seen the fellow before somewhere. The others didn't see it mattered. It never would have mattered but for Amos's wife's cat.

Amos's wife's cat sometimes liked to go out in the middle of the night and on such occasions said so at the top of her voice. That's what happened one night less than a week after the arrival of Mr. Smith. Amos got out of bed grumbling and let her out through the side door. He was just about to slam the door after her—hoping it would overtake the tip of her tail—when he heard the noise.

It was a noise he had heard thousands of times but never in such circumstances, and at first it puzzled him so much that he stood there without moving, his hand on the side-door knob, staring out at moonlit emptiness. Then it dawned on Amos that somebody was digging.

Now there's no law against digging at night, but it's unusual. Amos went quietly into the kitchen and looked at the clock. A quarter to three! That was enough for Amos. He crept upstairs, put on his trousers and boots, crept back downstairs, put on his overcoat and slipped out without making a sound.

The noise of digging was coming from over the road, at the side of the cottage that Mr. Smith had taken. So over the road went Amos, as quiet as a mouse. He found a gap in the hedge, and what he saw through it gave him his second surprise that night.

In the heavy shadow of the tall wooden fence that separated the cottage garden from the council-doomed long field, Mr. Smith was filling in a big hole. When Amos remembered that it was a quarter to three in the morning he rather wished he had somebody else with him to share his discovery. For whatever was going on in the garden it wasn't gardening.

Mr. Smith was near the end of his task and Amos reckoned it might be wiser not to be there when the time came. He therefore crept back as quietly as he had come, shut the door on the moonlight and its mysteries, and got back into bed and stayed awake for the rest of the night, wondering what to do.

But even daylight didn't tell him. He knew better than to breathe a word to his wife. That was the way to tell the village. It was the way to tell the whole world and start you never knew what. What he wanted was a word with a few of the fellows, a few of the smarter ones, at all events, up at the "Duck." But that meant waiting till eight o'clock in the evening at least. Waiting, and keeping a still tongue in his head.

It was a worrying time for Amos, and it wasn't made easier when Mr. Smith came in for some fags during the morning and said he was giving up the cottage that very day.

"It's not what I expected," he said. "Lovely to look at, but it's too cold for my rheumatism."

Amos, not daring to ask him what he had been planting during the night, couldn't find anything to say. He didn't even like looking at Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith was grey and shaken-looking, not a pleasant sight, but Amos didn't like to mention that either.

Although he hadn't by any means begun to put two and two together, Amos's mind had worked round to one very definite point. Mr. Smith was going, and it might be as well to know *where*. Tomorrow would be too late.

THE moment Mr. Smith was out of the shop Amos nipped through the side door and round to Vixey's Garage. There he took young Vixey himself into a corner and gave him the facts and asked him if he'd got the idea.

"You want me to follow this chap Smith on my motor bike to wherever he's going," said young Vixey, "and not let him see me, and then come back and tell you *where*."

"That's the style, George boy."

"O.K.," said young Vixey. "I'm on. See you at the 'Duck.'"

And that was that. Except that Amos took half an hour off during the afternoon and talked Mr. Smith's London address out of one of Kelver's clerks, without saying why he wanted it.

Young Vixey was back about eight o'clock, up with the fellows in the little side room at the "Duck."

"Well?" snapped Amos, breaking off what sounded like a speech.

"I saw him home," said George Vixey. "It's at the back of Victoria Station. I've got it written down."

"There you are!" Amos exclaimed, swinging round on the other fellows and looking very wise. "What did I say? *Brixton*, he told Kelver's. Now do you say there isn't something fishy?"

"What d'you reckon he buried last night?" one of the fellows asked. "Why not a dog?"

"At three o'clock in the morning?" said Amos scornfully. "Besides, he didn't have a dog."

He looked around to make sure that young Vixey had closed the door, then he lowered his voice. "Giving this fake address settles it," he said. "I'm going to see Huffam. It were no *what* that Smith buried last night. Reckon it were a *who*. You ought to have seen his face this morning."

"Then if it was a who—*who*?" asked another of the fellows. "You say he was on his own."

"If we knew all the answers," snapped Amos, "we'd not be here asking all the questions. Point is—who's going to *dig*? We can't." Suddenly he slapped his tankard down on a table. "Huffam!" he said. Huffam being the village constable.

It was a sight to see, Amos leading people. Nobody in the village had ever taken much notice of Amos. Nobody had ever followed him, at all events. But there he was now, well in front, the others tailing after him, muttering that they never thought old Amos was that smart, and that it didn't do to go by looks. Even Huffam, being used in the main to straying cattle and bicycles without rear lights, didn't really get moving until Amos told him he'd have to get in

Continued on page 14

Ilford Station Pig Club gets down to business. Ernest Heslegrave (second left) has already had seventy pounds of bacon. Miss Doris Proctor (right) says: "They're clean, likeable animals"

John Bull photograph by William Kemp

There's bacon at the club

by JOHN MAY

How do you like your pig? With a kink in its tail in a sty, or with an apple in its mouth on a plate? Today in Britain, 175,000 small pig-keepers are enjoying both

ERNEST HESLEGRAVE IS STATIONMASTER'S clerk at Ilford, Essex. You could hardly think of a less promising job for getting hold of a few extra rations. The sole "perk" of his office is free train travel to his home at Loughton.

But a few weeks ago, at the end of November, Ernie Heslegrave staggered home with a whole side of bacon on his shculder, weighing about seventy pounds. Mrs. Heslegrave cuts into it sparingly each morning, and fries crisp rashers for her husband's breakfast.

And just before Christmas he brought home about thirty pounds of fresh pork, a sixth of a pig. Some they ate as a luscious roast instead of a turkey, and some is pickled in brine for later use. He'll be bringing home more bacon in a month or two.

All this is quite lawful. It has nothing to do with the black market, except that the depredations of the "wide boys" have made pigs difficult and expensive to buy.

I went to Ilford tc see how it was done. Here, in one of the busiest suburban railway stations in Britain, was confirmation: the Ilford Station Pig Club.

The six members include two station inspectors (one of whom is chairman of the club), the district superintendent, and the Ilford stationmaster, O. W. J. Sanders. Heslegrave is the club's honorary secretary.

The only woman member is Miss Doris Proctor, Heslegrave's assistant. She took me to see the pigs in a disused building not far from the station. "They are clean, likeable animals," she said; and she enjoys taking her turn to feed them and clean out the sties.

On Their Best Behaviour

There were eleven pigs, worth then about £75: two lovely porkers which were killed for Christmas; a couple of Wessex Saddlebacks, due to go for bacon in February or March; two more small Large Whites; and, youngest of all, the stationmaster's "Famous Five," which he brought by car from Saffron Walden at ten weeks old. Three travelled asleep on the floor, and two sat in the back seats looking out of the windows. All behaved as perfectly as a house-trained dog.

The club bought its first two pigs last May, joining the ranks of 5,000 similar clubs encouraged by the Ministry of Agriculture through the Small Pig Keepers' Council. In all, there are about 175,000 club members in England and Wales, looking after 160,000 pigs.

Most of the old clubs are traditional, founded originally as a means of mutual insurance so that a poor man would not suffer if his pig died.

To me the most democratic and interesting of all are the co-operative clubs. In these, all members share the foraging for food, the cleaning and feeding, and the expense. And all take home a share of the meat as their reward.

Stock and membership have to be limited. Pigs have now to be kept and looked after by the club for four months before they may be slaughtered. The rules say that "active participation of members is very important . . . to escape criticism that these are primarily commercial enterprises or formed merely to provide privileged persons with extra meat."

"Active participation" includes as possibly its first duty the finding of edible waste on which club pigs are mainly fed. Ilford is a co-operative club. Everybody brings bits and pieces from the kitchen, the allotment or back garden, and keeps an eye open for other domestic sources.

Sharing Out the Work and Profits

The pigs are fed three times daily, and the swill copper is on the boil morning and afternoon. It was built with second-hand materials and burns decayed railway sleepers of which the club bought a supply. But pigs, meal and fuel cost money. Each of the six members has now put about £11 into the club, besides doing a lot of work.

Larger clubs find that the fairest way is for members to pay for their share of bacon or pork at current prices. Archfields Club, at Hendon in Middlesex, has fifty members. It is run in conjunction with the allotments, which help to feed the pigs, while the pig manure "feeds" the plots.

They have a rota for share-outs. It goes: half-leg, loin, hand and spring, loin, blade bone, remainder of leg, loin, spare rib, loin. After nine share-out nights, each member has received all the "spare parts" that make half a pig.

The arithmetic is simpler at Ilford. They send three pigs to Dunmow Bacon Factory, and later take home a side each. Or they send a porker to a licensed slaughterer at Romford, and then have a butcher come and cut everything into fair shares for six. There are plenty of "innards," lashings of lard. Here members don't pay the club directly for meat received.

The "token" bacon ration in Britain is small because, apart from the problem of restricted imports, farmers cannot get enough food to feed pigs. In June, 1939, there were more than 3,500,000 pigs in our sties. The present pig population is little more than one-third of this prewar figure. The drop would have been more drastic still but for the work of pig clubs.

For anyone who does feel envious of those sides of bacon, here are two final facts. First, where any four people (from different households) are gathered together, a pig club can be formed. Second, amateur "pig farmers" in clubs are contributing about 75,000 pigs a year towards the official ration of pork and bacon.

For the individual pig keeper in *pig-owner* clubs must, by law, give up a year's bacon coupons or sell half the carcase to the Ministry of Food when he has a pig killed. And for every pig slaughtered by *co-operative* clubs another has to be sold to the Ministry for distribution through normal channels.

Ernest Heslegrave reckons that in a few months his sales to the Ministry will put the Ilford Station Pig Club on its feet financially. But the dividend in meats is so satisfying that even now the members are as content as their own thriving pigs.

All hands to the ropes: Hollingbourne gets ready for its New Year peal

Listen—BELLS!

The bells ring out a welcome to the New Year. But the peal isn't as carefree as it sounds—for the men in the belfry

I COULD HEAR THE SOUND of Hollingbourne's bells almost as soon as I got off the bus at the corner. It came drifting across the dark fields like an echo from a remote and better world. The sound rose and faded and rose again all along the winding country road. There were, I thought as I trudged along, few sounds more completely English, or so strangely reassuring.

"Hollingbourne," the gazetteer said, "village in Kent, near Maidstone, pop. 768, clos. day Wednesday."

The bells grew louder. You could see the lighted belfry through the trees. A startled head popped out of a doorway as I hurried through the silent village street. The outline of the church tower stood out dark against the sky.

The church door shut out the clangour of the bells. The vicar led the way up the narrow winding wooden stairs and pushed open a door near the top. It was like stepping into another world. This little square room, with the ropes snaking up and down, up and down, into the ceiling, with the oil stove in the corner and the white chrysanthemums on the table, could never, it seemed, have heard of black markets and iron curtains and basic petrol, of strikes, riots, war and rumour of war. This was a world apart.

At each flying rope, a ringer, shirt-sleeved, stooped in earnest concentration. An intricate ritual, bewildering, yet mesmerizing. At the tenor bell-rope a rotund white-whiskered chap with a jovial full moon of a face calls out the "changes" like this: "Bob! . . . Single! . . . Bob!" A blackboard leans against the wall, grey with a maze of chalked figures.

Change-ringing is an ancient art peculiar to England. The object is to put the bells through the largest possible series of rapid permutations and combinations.

Up here in the belfry, with the ropes leaping in a frenzied devil dance, it isn't easy to see how any ringer can be sure of ringing his bell after any other, let alone work through a complex pattern of change.

The white-whiskered chap—who turns out to be Jack Pollard, the ringers' captain—does his best to explain things. His talk is all about "Plain Bobs" and "dodging" and "Treble Bobs" and "Grandsire Majors." Bellringers have a language which is curious and ancient.

Then, taking pity on my city ignorance, he fetches out a card marked with columns of pencilled figures, and, zigzagging down through them, a line, the path of his bell, its music.

These men are senior wranglers of the belfry. Bell-ropes, you might say, are woven into the fabric of their lives. Take Jack Pollard. Except for a couple of years when there was a village "war" with a certain vicar, he's been ringing ever since the day when, a boy of fifteen, he climbed up into the tower at Bearsted, the next village.

Albert Thinks Back

Seventy-year-old Albert Coleman, the village's retired postman, was ringing in this belfry before the present vicar was born—half a century of bells. Proudly he shows me a picture of Hollingbourne's treble bell with the George I florins cast into its rim. He talks about those old bell-founders who used to travel about the country digging their casting pits in the churchyards—and making, also, a smaller hollow near the gate to receive the silver offerings of the pious. "The more silver, the sweeter the bell," they always said.

For centuries bands of ringers through all the villages of England have been plodding across the fields to meet in bell towers like this. In Hollingbourne this ancient art shows no signs of dying out. Joe Cooper, estate foreman up at Leeds Castle, learned during the war on silent bells their clappers muffled and tied. That's not as hard as it sounds because ringers work by "rope-sight." Even when the bells are ringing a man doesn't hear the sound of his bell down in the belfry till three other ringers have pulled after him.

The Hollingbourne tower still rings the "Nine Tailors"—relic of the day when church bells were the countryside's news announcers, calling the villagers to prayer or to arms, sounding the curfew, or giving notice that the lord of the manor was ready for his tenants to take their bread to his oven.

The "Nine Tailors" are rung on the morning following a death in the village. "Three threes" for a man, "three twos" for a woman, "three ones" for a child. Then the tolling out of the departed's tale of years.

The ringers were untying the big loose loops in their ropes, preparing for another ring. In the language of the belfry, these loops are a danger signal. They mean the bells are "on balance" upside down, and if you wrap the rope round your wrist before you pull—as the vicar did the first time—you'll fly through the air, hauled heavenwards by several tons of metal, rather like the young man on the flying trapeze, but not so graceful.

The ringers bend to their task. The ropes lash up and down, up and down through the ceiling. "Bob!" calls Jack Pollard, and his band, without a second's hesitation, make the mystic changes in the pattern of their sound. The bells carol out across the Kent countryside.

I look around the small square whitewashed room. Grandiloquent wooden plaques on the walls boast of the feats of generations of Hollingbourne ringers. "A Peal of Grandsire Doubles, 5,040 changes in Two Hours Forty-eight Minutes on Thursday, August 9, 1934. . . ."

—And Then Silence

The ringers were working through the final combinations. The ring was nearing its end. "All into Rounds" sings out the captain. 123456 respond the bells. 123456 . . . 123456. . . .

The ropes were barely moving now. They lay quietly in the palms of the ringers, who gave them gentle little tugs. Slower . . . slower. . . . Then the last bell rang out. Silence fell upon the countryside.

The vicar borrowed a torch and we climbed up the winding wooden stairs to look at Hollingbourne's bells, the sweetest, they say, for their weight, in the whole of Kent. Up there, I balanced on the wooden struts that run over the great dark rough bells and the big black wheel that turns them. A translation to another world again—not a cosy one this time, but an awsome one.

The vicar shone his torch on the rim of the treble bell: *Samvell Knight made me the ledare of this ring to be 1723.* The words were punctuated by florins of the reign of George I.

Below the ringers shout their good nights and go off into the night.

New Year's Eve is Jack Pollard's night and Alfred Coleman's and Joe Cooper's and Albert Rattan's and Dan'l Eldridge's and Pat Moon's.

As the church clock comes up to midnight, it is their task to send the message of Hollingbourne rolling out through the darkness, carolling across the countryside and over the earth, a message as sweet and as sound as their bells, a message of faith, hope, reassurance for a weary and sorely tried world.

HARRY HOPKINS

A YEAR OF

Britain's Biggest Business, the year-old Coal Board, has taken many knocks. On its credit side: rising output and a reasonable start in reshaping a complex industry

WHAT IS THE MOST important commodity in the country today? Everyone knows the answer, for today coal is as much a number one topic as were aeroplanes in the Battle of Britain days.

It's just a year since all the hundreds of privately owned coal mining concerns ceased to exist and the National Coal Board came into being. During the past twelve months, the faults and shortcomings of the Board have been a favourite topic, both in and out of Parliament, though now, with the marked rise in output from the pits, criticism may lessen.

"A giant monopoly with not enough decentralization," has been a frequent judgment. "The miner feels, rightly or wrongly, that he has had a raw deal over nationalisation," declared a speaker in the House of Lords. "He is beginning to realize that everything is much the same as before, and perhaps a little worse. The same officials are controlling him; the boss is more remote than ever."

Such comments from those who opposed nationalisation were to be expected. But even the more sympathetically disposed have been worried at times. The Lord Chancellor, replying for the Government after a debate, said: "We mean to learn by experience, and if the shoe pinches we shall alter the shoe."

What is this "shoe"—this "giant monopoly" into whose hands has been entrusted the task of "mining, working, developing and supplying" the nation's coal?

The National Coal Board is *not* a Government department. Like the B.B.C. and the Bank of England it is a public corporation. This means a non-profit-making body working on a commercial basis, but responsible to the public and Parliament through the Minister of Fuel and Power.

Must Make It Pay

The description "non-profit-making" may be misleading. The aim of a public corporation, as of any business, is to produce the best results possible. Profits, however, are not distributed to shareholders but are put back into the business in order to make it more efficient. The Board is expected to make the industry pay over an average of good and bad years.

The Coal Board's first year has been a difficult one. An appalling winter and an acute fuel crisis gave it a bad start.

Then, as spring relieved the tension, came the battle of the five-day week. The public thought that after winning their case the mineworkers should settle down and go all out to increase production. But everyone in the mines did not benefit at once and there was a series of strikes. They weren't anything like as paralysing as the strikes of pre-nationalisation days but they gave a bad impression—and lowered output.

With summer came holidays with pay. The break was richly deserved but it meant less coal being dug.

September brought an increased tonnage, until the Grimethorpe "stint" dispute lost hundreds of thousands of tons. The price of coal rose, too.

Then things began to take a turn for the better. By arrangement with the National Union of Mineworkers, overtime was started in a number of districts. Production figures went up; so did the miners' minimum wages. An increase was

THE COAL BOARD

by KEITH BEARD

negotiated without the bitterness and wrangling that in the past had seemed inevitable.

The last month of the year brought good news: the annual coal target was within grasp; there might even be a good surplus to export in 1948.

Let's go back to January 1, 1947. The Coal Board, seven men with a chairman and a deputy, found themselves responsible for 1,500 mines, of which about 400 are small, located all over England, Scotland and Wales. With collieries went coal washeries, power stations, gasworks and plants of all kinds for processing and manufacturing coal by-products.

Hundreds of thousands of dwelling-houses for employees were another legacy from the Board's predecessors, together with a few public houses. So were over a million acres of agricultural land, making the Board a landowner second only to the Crown. Not everyone would have thought that thousands of railway wagons and road vehicles; miles of railway tracks; wharves, tugs, barges, seagoing steamers and aerial ropeways were also part of "the mines."

Eight Hundred Different Concerns

What complicated matters enormously was the fact that all these multifarious assets had belonged to some eight hundred different concerns. Some of them had been big and progressive; others small but with an alert management. Many came from firms that had just been hanging on for years. Their equipment was old; the conditions in their mines and works poor; their financial state very shaky.

If times had been good for coal mining it would still have been a gigantic task to amalgamate so many varied units into one national corporation. But with a crisis in the industry, caused partly by the war, when manpower was abnormally depleted and normal repairs and progress halted, and partly by the searing years of the between-wars depression, the job undertaken by the National Coal Board was almost overwhelming.

It was decided to share out the work of the Coal Board in two ways. First, according to function. Secondly, according to locality.

This meant, in the first case, the creation of six main departments dealing with production, manpower and welfare, labour relations, scientific affairs, marketing and finance. Each of these "functional" departments was to be the responsibility of a member of the Board, expert in that particular branch. For instance, Ebby Edwards, who was formerly general secretary of the Mineworkers' Federation of Great Britain (now the National Union of Mineworkers) is in charge of labour relations.

The important production section has joint chiefs in Sir Charles Reid, who was chairman of the committee of mining engineers which in 1945 recommended complete reorganization and amalgamation of the mines, and Mr. T. E. B. Young. These two experts were respectively heads of two of the largest and most progressive mining concerns in Great Britain.

At the same time, the country was divided into eight geographical divisions, each with a coal board of its own. The divisions were further split up into forty-nine areas, planned as the main management units of the industry. These are sizable concerns with a capital of some six to eight million pounds. Each area is controlled by one man, the area general manager. He has departmental experts under him, but he is the boss, responsible only to the divisional board. The areas themselves are further subdivided into groups of pits, each run by an agent. In turn, each pit has a colliery manager in immediate charge.

Getting more coal quickly might, and in fact does, mean that many of the important longer-term improvements have to wait. One part of the reconstruction could not be held up. That was the human side.

Mineworkers, although there were nearly 700,000 of them, were only a proportion of the employees acquired by the new business. There are eighteen different grades of underground workers. Over and above that, there are, of course, clerical and administrative workers—and also farm labourers and railmen, sailors and dockers, farmers and publicans, carpenters and craftsmen of all kinds. One hundred different trades in all.

The miner has one of the most arduous, dangerous and skilful jobs. For years he was exploited, overworked or under-employed and left to rot. In no industry was there more bitterness and worker-versus-boss friction than in coal mining.

The very fact of nationalisation has removed many of the miners' grievances. Working for the State, instead of for a private profit-making concern that might or might not be a good employer, gives a man the feeling that he has a stake in the industry and is not just a cog in the machine.

But the simple fact of nationalisation didn't make the miner better paid, or make his work less dangerous or unpleasant. So during the year the National Coal Board, in conjunction with the National Union of Mineworkers, began to study the "wage structure" in order to iron out differences between the rates at one coalfield and another which have so often been a cause of strikes. The principle of the five-day week has been conceded, thus giving the miner a tangible expression of the Board's good intentions towards him. The rise in minimum rates that was agreed in November also helped.

Other "human" problems that have been

Narraway went underground to make notes for this John Bull painting. Then he sent off a "rough" to a Yorkshire miner for vetting of detail. "It's O.K.," said the miner

receiving attention are the need to lessen the dangers of the job; the extension and broadening of welfare facilities, including the building of more pithead baths; the provision of a comprehensive medical service for the industry; the setting up of training schemes and of a plan to give workers in the industry the chance of further education.

The National Coal Board's definition of "education" is interesting. Higher education, up to university graduate standard, is to be made possible for engineers, technicians and junior officials of all kinds. Promising youngsters will soon be able to attend part-time day classes instead of jeopardizing their health by working at night.

For every worker opportunities for the development of cultural and artistic activities of various types are to be sought. Miners' welfare institutes will be transformed into real community centres. These, with weekend schools and conferences, will gradually put an end to that isolation of the mining community which has so handicapped it.

There are also important schemes for "industrial" education. This means teaching the mineworker the facts about his own industry: for example, that his wages and standards of living depend upon the efficiency of coal production and marketing.

The Miner Has a Say

The principal means of doing this are the colliery consultative committees established by the Board. The committees are roughly parallel to the joint production boards in factories, though they probably deal with a greater variety of matters. Through these committees the mineworker has a voice in the day-to-day affairs of the colliery. His union representative can take part in similar committees at area, divisional and national levels. All aspects of the industry, except wages and conditions of service (which are dealt with separately) can be raised in this way.

But, however successful the schemes for improving the conditions of the mineworker, and so increasing his efficiency, might be, they couldn't make the industry any more prosperous while its manpower was draining away at the rate it had been. Thus, one of the most important tasks of the Board has been the attraction of new blood into mining.

During 1947, over 83,000 recruits have been obtained, although retirement and other "wastage" has lost over 60,000. In addition, last November the National Union of Mineworkers agreed to admit 30,000 European workers to union membership and 10,000 German youths for training. This reversal of their previous policy shows that the union, which is in fact the mass of the miners, is beginning to take a broad view.

He's Feeling Happier

Once the ordinary mineworker comes to believe that his future is dependent upon the progress of the industry as a whole, the battle for co-operation within the industry itself will be won. This will be a big step towards future prosperity.

There's no doubt that the miner himself *is* feeling happier, and more co-operative. He has had proof that the Board values him and wants to do all it can to improve his lot. The fact that the public, too, is really taking an interest in the mines and the mineworkers helps. People who went to the exhibition, *The Miner Comes to Town*, staged in London during the autumn, not only came away with new respect for miners, but with genuine liking for those they met there. In return, the miners themselves were warmed and enriched by the interest taken in them and their job.

In the sphere of human relations, then, the Board seems to have done pretty well during its first year of life. What has been achieved on the material side?

Rapid re-equipment and intensive mechanization is the target. Over twenty more of the large Meco-Moore coal cutting and loading machines have been installed. The introduction of trunk-conveyers to replace old-fashioned haulage methods has been accelerated. Mechanized loading has been introduced at an increasing number of collieries. Also, the driving of drift mines to shallow seams will have resulted in about three-quarters of a million tons of extra coal during this first year.

Long-term developments, too, are projected or are in hand—shaft deepening, driving of new underground roads, surface reconstruction and the sinking of new pits.

Yet, criticism rather than praise has been heard for what the Coal Board has achieved in its first experimental year.

Part of the fault-finding can be put down to political back-biting, but surely there is something in the complaints? Take the oft-heard one that the industry is too centralized. Work is held up, it is said, while permission is awaited from London to buy some article of equipment. A wage dispute that should be settled on the spot gets out of hand because it has to be held up for national arbitration.

Referred to Higher-ups

The latter point illustrates the weaknesses and the strength of a national organization. When the industry was in many pieces, much friction was caused by local differences in wages and conditions. With a common employer, it is even more necessary to have a single rate for the job. However, to arrive at a national wage scale that seems fair to all, decisions must be taken at top level, even at the price of regrettable delay.

The present economic crisis is largely to blame for delay in re-equipment. If there were enough cutters, loaders and so forth to meet the demand, it would be a simple matter for divisional boards, and even the individual collieries, to do their own buying. Until that happy day comes, however, it is only headquarters who can take an overall view and fairly determine priorities. Decentralization to the highest possible degree is the ultimate aim, however.

Critics of the Coal Board ask: "Why are the important posts of divisional chairmen, for instance, filled by men who have no previous experience of mining?" At the same time comes the cry that a certain pit has the same manager as in the old days, so how can things go well?

With the jobs for which technical skill is needed the position is that only men with experience in mine management have the necessary qualifications. Until the industry trains its own executives it has to make do with existing material. Besides, some of the managers in the past suffered from being associated with unpopular firms. The Board feels that until they are proved no good they should have a trial.

This is not to say that mistakes have not been made, round pegs put into square holes, issues muffed. Responsible members of the National Coal Board, from the Chairman, Lord Hyndley, downwards, are the first to admit this. Lord Hyndley adds that, although the Board has increased production, it has scarcely begun to tackle two other very important aspects of the coal problem. The first is quality; the second, price.

In improving quality, new washeries and cleaning plants will be a help; so will a more standardized system of grading and sizing. Work on all these projects is in hand.

The question of price has been overshadowed by the urge for quantity. If we are to recapture our export trade, both of raw coal and of the manufactured products that depend on coal, the right price is all-important. At present coal costs far too much to produce. It costs *more* than the price at which it is sold. The National Coal Board, which means the nation, loses money on every ton.

Can't Go On too Long

This is due to the fact that, to make the industry efficient and profitable in the future, a great deal of capital expenditure has to be made first. Part of that expenditure is going on making the mineworkers better paid and more contented. Mechanization, sinking new mines and putting the industry on a sound footing in other respects takes the rest.

Although it is good business to pour the country's money into the industry in order to put it on its feet, this can't go on too long. The Board must remember its aim is to "make the industry pay over an average of good and bad years."

Is the National Coal Board succeeding? Results speak louder than words. By the short-term test of increased production it is. The long-term aim, remember, is to reshape the industry completely—to revitalize it. The blueprints are prepared, the enthusiasm is there, and, in spite of all handicaps, a real start has been made. Everyone connected with the National Coal Board, from the highest to the lowest, is convinced that the job can and will be done.

With a project of such immensity, a year is only a moment. We have real cause to be thankful that so much has been attempted, and achieved, in so short a time. Next year's balance sheet, if all go to it with the same spirit, should make even better reading.

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Just Asking For Trouble

IN an uncertain world there is one thing that is very certain indeed. People who go round looking for trouble are very seldom disappointed. Trouble, and plenty of it, can be had for the asking. And that, I think, is one of the reasons why so many people are so sure that the world is a beastly place.

A great man once gave a few simple rules for keeping out of trouble and achieving contentment which are worth passing on. Here they are:

"Allow thyself to complain of nothing, not even of the weather. Never picture thyself to thyself under any circumstances in which thou art not. Never compare thine own lot with that of another. Never allow thyself to dwell on the wish that this or that had been, or were, otherwise than it was or is. Never dwell on the morrow. The heaviest part of sorrow is to look forward to it."

I'm not going to pretend it's easy to follow this advice. I think there are few people who could adhere to it always and with complete success: but the more any of us *can* follow it, the happier and more contented we shall be.

To want what you haven't got, to wish you were someone you neither are nor are capable of being—this is just asking for it. There are no more fruitful sources of personal misery.

"Sorry dear, I'm detained at the office"

Delicious— and Nutritious

Generous helpings of Benedict Processed Peas, rich in vital protein, are the wise mother's answer to present-day shortages of body-building foods. They are delicious and of high food value. Serve them often.

Benedict Processed Peas contain

- 4 TIMES AS MUCH PROTEIN AS POTATOES
- 6 TIMES AS MUCH PROTEIN AS SWEDES
- 7½ TIMES AS MUCH PROTEIN AS CARROTS
- 9 TIMES AS MUCH PROTEIN AS ONIONS

These comparisons have been made between drained Benedict Processed Peas and other vegetables in the prepared and cooked form.

Benedict *Processed* **PEAS**

PRIVATE VIEW OF A. R. THOMSON

The artist who painted this week's cover

HIS WORLD IS A SILENT BACKCLOTH

Thomson working on panorama for Arts Ball. In John Bull's cover he catches spirit of this annual fancy dress gala

THE ASSOCIATION OF A. R. Thomson, R.A., with the Chelsea Arts Ball goes back to 1922, when he designed the backcloth, a naked oak wrapped in a bath towel of snow, and painted the immense canvas himself on the floor of a friend's studio.

He was twenty-eight then, desperately poor, and deaf and dumb. Yet that New Year's Eve, when he recorded the mass revelry in one silent dimension of his memory, was the turn of his luck.

Thomson was born at Bangalore, India, the only child of a civil servant, and brought to England at the age of six. When the question of a career came up, his father, away in India, decided it should be farming.

So for two years young Thomson milked and hoed on a farm in Kent, without touching pencil or brush. Frustration, not the incessant hard work, got him down. He walked out when he could stand it no longer, and found poster work in London at about two to three guineas a week. He was so broke then, he even tailored his own trousers, but when his father started helping towards the rent of a first studio Thomson had already sold some canvases.

Money Came and Went

He considers that his best period was from 1923 to 1928. "Lady and Gentleman," his first painting to be accepted by the Royal Academy, where he now exhibits regularly, was bought by Orpen — something tantamount to public recognition by a master whose trend Thomson followed. One assignment led to another but he spent what he earned.

Marrying in 1928, and in need of money, Thomson concentrated on commercial art. In a few years he became about the best known and highest paid painter in the profession. "Those days I worked all night, often till eight in the morning." He and his wife would accumulate a few thousands, then go off to spend it travelling in Europe, and return to make some more.

His commercial period was interrupted when the marriage broke up in 1936. Between wives he painted murals for the Chelmsford Town Hall and the *Queen Mary*. He married again in 1938 and worked for two years as official Air Ministry artist.

He sketched aircrew types at R.A.F. stations all over England. Once, while on a private commission in a prohibited area, he was challenged. Thomson never heard the challenge, not even the rifle being fired, but he felt the bullet that ricochetted off the road and hit him in the back. The bullet cap is still in his dorsal muscle.

His glamorous advertising posters in tube stations remain his big stand-by. They wipe out the overdraft, pay the income tax, send the children to the seaside.

At home in Fernshaw Road, Chelsea, he sleeps and works in a large ground-floor studio crammed with portraits and odds and ends from which he paints still life. The easel, lit from the bay window, is near the stove against which the late King of Greece, while trying volubly to convey his meaning, burnt the seat of his royal pants.

As with most deaf people, Thomson is inclined to be introspective, a tendency he counteracts by going everywhere, meeting everybody.

He is a habitué of Chelsea clubs and makes a nightly round of pubs. There's not much drinking involved. His doctor rations him to two half pints of beer a day. He plays shove-ha'penny and darts matches with taxi-drivers and night watchmen.

He lunches at the Chelsea Arts Club every day, plays snooker and argues. The arguments are carried on with notes, Thomson replying on the other side of the paper, sometimes with humorous and acid caricatures.

Thomson has a pleasant, easy-going philosophy. "I've already been to Heaven," he says. "Seems as if this is it!" For entertainment he prefers a spectacle—boxing, football, the Arts Ball, and foreign films because the subtitles are useful.

Too True to Life!

Despite his handicap, he and his wife usually have quite a lot to say, by lip reading and sign language, and there are several words he can say audibly.

"After all these years of married life, he is still undomesticated," she says of him. "Tommy is quite unwilling to be a handyman." All Thomson is prepared to do is paint—sometimes with an ingenuousness that horrified one distinguished woman sitter when she found Thomson had reproduced her moustache!

Though he sports grey sideboards, cultivates a beard or moustache occasionally, only to shave it off again (there's another moustache coming), Thomson never wears his profession. He likes to be mistaken for a man who's something in the City.

The other day Mrs. Thomson was so engrossed in a new novel that she let the milk boil over. Thomson asked to see what had been responsible for this housewifely neglect. It was a page of dialogue. He put it down after a few moments and wrote, "Why do people waste all this time talking?"

DENNIS HOLMAN

Continued from page 8

touch with people. Then he picked up the telephone and got in touch.

It was Amos's hour. Until that night he had been only a kind of *place* you sent the children to with their sweet coupons, but now all at once he was more like a Nelson Column sticking up above a local Trafalgar Square. *Very* smart, they all agreed. When a car turned up from the town, with an inspector and another constable, they all dropped back a yard or two and left Amos to his prominence. And when, after a talk, Amos got in the car and sat next to Huffam, some of them didn't feel far from touching their caps to him.

Only Amos was allowed in the cottage garden. The others filled the lane and explained what it was all about to newcomers. By ten o'clock all the village was there. By eleven o'clock the digging was over and the car had driven away, taking Amos and Huffam with it. By midnight all the village was putting logs on all its fires and settling down to ask what the game was. Because, although the hole in the garden had been dug down to solid clay and the soil turned over and over, not a thing had been found. The hole was empty.

It had taken Amos a longish lifetime to become Nelson on his column. It didn't take him half a day to become the village joke. He wasted half an hour next morning trying to make it clear that no man up to any good would give a false address and dig a big hole in the middle of the night, but after that he gave it up and shut himself in the bedroom and left his wife to look after the shop. And he wasn't more than ten minutes in the "Duck" that night. He couldn't stand the way they laughed.

"How much did you pay him, Amos," somebody asked, "to dig that hole?"

That was what hurt him more than anything else—suggesting he'd been up to something, to get a bit of limelight.

FOR the second night Amos didn't sleep. But this wasn't only because of the adventure into which he had tumbled. It was a night of storm. The wind shot under the door and flapped the bedroom carpet. The branches of a tree outside stroked the window until Amos's nerves were raw. And down the garden the gate was going cre-e-ak, bang,—cre-e-ak, bang—until Amos wanted to scream.

"I can't get to sleep for that gate," said Amos's wife, turning over.

"Oh, all right," said Amos. "All *right*!"

He knew what that meant. He got out, pulled on his trousers, went downstairs and put on his overcoat, slipped out at the side door and ran, head down, down the path. He slammed the gate, swearing aloud to ease his feelings, and turned back to the house. A slate, dislodged from the roof, whizzed past his ear. And then something in Amos's head went click. When he got back to the side door he was panting with an idea.

"I know where I've seen Smith before," he said, sitting on the side of the bed and pulling his trousers off. "I didn't know him because he's different—no moustache, no beard, and he's older now and his hair's grey. But he's had the cottage before. Ten years ago, or more. You remember the big storm? Before that. It was a slate whizzing past my head brought it back. The summer before the big storm he was here."

"Can't you get to sleep?" grumbled Amos's wife.

"Don't you see?" said Amos wearily. "He only pretended it was new to him. Why? What for? I thought he was digging that hole to put something in. What if he was digging it to *take something out*? Something he'd put in last time. Something he thought was safe for ever. That's why he got the wind up when he saw the council notices. He had to be there first and dig it up. Get it away."

"Amos," said his wife very firmly, "you've made a big enough fool of yourself already."

She turned over again and went to sleep. But not Amos. He sat on the edge of the bed, the wind rocking the house, remembering the big storm of years ago, thinking it out.

It was harder, though, as he found next morning, to drive it into other people's heads. Huffam had had some, and he wasn't ringing up the town again without something more to go on. "*Did* he take something away in his car?" he asked. "No," said Amos; "that's what I'm trying to get at." But Huffam told him, using the very words, to go and chase himself.

And up at the "Duck" they still only wanted to scoff. They didn't understand what he meant by digging some more. And this time, they pointed out, without the law behind him it would be trespass. He said he'd take the risk but he wanted witnesses.

"What do you expect to find?" they asked.

"When Smith was here before," Amos told them, "there was a little chap with him. Always quarrelling, they were."

YES, they could remember that, in a dim sort of way. But the Smith of those days—or whatever he had called himself at the time—was the vaguest shadow now because he had been the vaguest shadow then. Somebody seemed to remember that he had had the cottage furnished for a month, in Jossy Moxon's day.

"The summer before the big storm," said Amos. "It was the storm last night brought it back to me."

"What I don't get," said one of the fellows, "is what you expect to find. If he dug nothing up and took nothing away in his little car yesterday—and you said he didn't——"

"That's our chance!" Amos insisted.

There were only one or two of them, talking in a corner, one or two of the more serious ones, including young Vixey, whose trip to London had made him think.

"All I want," said Amos, "is witnesses. I'll take the blame. I'll do the digging. But not on my own."

In the end six of them went, five to look on. They chose the quiet part of the afternoon and had the place to themselves. And the five lookers-on were surprised when Amos marked off three paces from the tall wooden fence round the long field for a start.

"Maybe you've forgotten," he said. "It's a long time ago. But this fence was blown down in the big storm and Jossy Moxon set it back a bit when he replaced it. Took a few yards off the long field and put a few yards on this lawn. Whatever Smith buried he buried under the fence, where the flower border used to be. And that's where he dug for it last night. Only he didn't know the fence wasn't in the same place as in his day."

AMOS stuck his spade in with a nasty jab and began to dig. And before teatime the six of them were looking down into a fresh hole, at something they didn't like the look of. And Amos was beginning to babble.

"Reckon Huffam's got to listen this time," he said, "whether he likes the idea or not."

And Huffam had. And the car came out from the town once more, with the inspector and the other constable.

And that night at the "Duck" Amos didn't have to buy as much as one round. The other fellows were fighting to do it.

Amos was back again on his column in the local Trafalgar Square.

FREE SPEECH

A way to end the black market in meat; an idea for next Christmas; a letter blaming her parents from a jilted girl

I WONDER JUST HOW MUCH the Government expects to learn from investigations into black market meat. As a catering trade worker, I can suggest a scheme which I think should stamp out this racket overnight.

It is almost impossible for trading establishments to carry on black marketeering without some of the employees knowing. If all fines resulting from prosecutions were made payable to workers reporting such offences, most employers would think again before being tempted to handle black market goods.

This "common informer" system may savour to some of Gestapo ways, but ruthless methods are needed to combat ruthless men who are destroying our economy. — "YORKY," Leeds. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Folding Christmas Trees

SINCE CHRISTMAS I have seen scores of Christmas trees thrown out—young, half-grown firs that would have been valuable as timber if allowed to grow.

In view of our great need of wood, why doesn't some inventive manufacturer make artificial trees, which can be folded after use and stored until next Christmas? —A. D. GREEN, 4 Hillcrest, Perranporth, Cornwall.

Ruined Her Romance

MY PARENTS MADE a loveless marriage and I was reared in that hardest of hard schools—a home without affection. When I grew up I fell in love with a young man, but after years of courtship he became disgusted at my parents' attitude in forbidding me to bring him or any other young man home. He left me—and rightly, I must admit.

That was two years ago. Ever since I have been trying to deaden the memory of my romance. But unfortunately it all came back so poignantly last week when I heard of his marriage. And so, to put it bluntly, another girl has, through my parents' fault, gone on my honeymoon.

The poet was right, crabbed age and youth cannot live together. — "FOND MEMORY." (Full name and address enclosed.)

Beauty in the Air

THIS SENTENCE IN A NEWSPAPER caught my eye recently: "It is an undisputed fact that there is something in the Scottish air which gives Scots girls beautiful complexions."

A little further on in the same newspaper, a distiller made this comment about whisky: "With the natural process of maturing, three million gallons of proof spirit evaporate into the atmosphere of Scotland every year."

So now you know what that "something" is, girls!—J. A. PIRIE, South Balmoor, Peterhead, Scotland.

Saga of a Coat

IN SPRING, 1929, my husband made me a first wedding anniversary present of a soft wool velour coat. It was a lovely brown shade, had a full-flared skirt and a fur collar. I think it was quite the nicest coat I've ever had. Its cost was just under £3.

For three years I wore it, but, like the Alice blue gown, it "wore and wore." So the fur collar was removed and the coat became a frock, which I wore for another two winters. After this it was cut down to make a pinafore frock for our eldest daughter, who wore it for another two winters until she outgrew it.

Passed down to her sister, it was worn one winter as it was, then cut down to be worn as a kilt for another winter.

This week I've made that kilt into a pixie hood for our second daughter to wear this winter. And the fur collar? Well, that I made into a Scottie toy dog in 1943 when toys were hard to come by. It's still going strong, a much-loved, much-handled toy, four years later.

Oh, and the scraps! They were cut up and made into a small bedside rug for the children's room. Some coat! — MRS. TALBOT, 428 Turnhurst Road, Packmoor, Staffs.

Back in 1929, Mrs. Talbot had a coat. John Bull photo shows what's left of it today: toy dog, rug, pixie hood

Justice in Palestine

THE OTHER DAY IN JERUSALEM a seventeen-year-old Jew was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for possessing a few illegal leaflets.

In the same court, three Arabs got six months apiece for possessing six rifles, two revolvers and three thousand rounds of ammunition. The Arabs were arrested only after a gun battle with the police. I am in a position to state that this sort of justice is going on all the time here.—Palestine Police, Mounted Section. (Full name and address enclosed.)

They Pray for a Home

I HAVE RECENTLY witnessed the most moving scene of my life. It was in Glossop, Derbyshire. Nine small boys, ranging from three to ten years of age, accompanied by a Sister of Mercy, went into the Chapel of Our Lady to pray—*for homes*. They were from the local orphanage. — G. VESSEY, "Melba," Station Road, Hatfield, near Doncaster.

Mail Order Madness

THERE WOULD BE LESS inflation if people took more care of their money. Recently I helped in the mail order department of a large store. Thousands of people order imitation jewellery that they have only seen illustrated in a catalogue. For such worthless articles postal orders for 8s. 6d., 9s. 6d. and half a guinea are sent by the thousand.

If such things were not bought they would not be manufactured, and time and labour could be devoted to more worthwhile commodities.—MRS. LILIAN HEMPEL, 3 Lyall Street, Eaton Place, London, S.W.1.

Bee in the Poke

A BEE-KEEPER FRIEND of mine applied recently to the appropriate Ministry for a sugar permit for his bees. After a delay of three weeks he received a licence authorizing him to kill a pig. He applied again, explaining the error. After a longer period he received another licence —to kill another pig.—JOHN MATHEWSON, 9 Lawrie Terrace, Leven, Fife.

Girl with the Takings

YOUNG GIRLS ARE frequently robbed on their way to the bank with their firms' takings. It is time employers realized that unscrupulous robbers plan their attack by careful observation of the girls' movements each day.

One solution is to "stagger" the time for banking. But the most urgent step is not to send young girls alone with considerable sums of money. — MRS. STEWART, 40 Lesmahagon Road, Strathaven.

Nature Isn't Fair

NATURE SEEMS SO OFTEN horribly and unnecessarily unkind. My husband has excellent teeth and I have very good eyesight, yet all our children have his bad sight and my bad teeth. How helpful it would be if they could have inherited our good points.—MRS. M. LEAKEY, 1 The Avenue, Crowthorne, Berks.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

FAMOUS CHILDREN

(1) Who heard God calling him in the Temple at night? (2) Which boy was King of England when he was nine and died at fifteen? (3) Who played the part of "The Kid" in the 1920 film of that name? (4) What was the first name of the peasant girl who saw visions at Lourdes?

VEGETABLES

(1) What is pulse? (2) Have Globe Artichokes and Jerusalem Artichokes much in common? (3) Where do cabbages grow to a height of eight feet or more? (4) Do potatoes contain more or less than twenty-five per cent of starch?

GREAT CONTEMPORARIES

(1) Does Gandhi live in Pakistan or India? (2) How old will Bernard Shaw be next birthday? (3) Why does the Government pay Winston Churchill a salary? (4) On what subject has Einstein made several recent public pronouncements?

THE DEVIL

(1) Where is the Devil's Punchbowl? (2) What is a printer's devil? (3) What are "the Devil's books"? (4) Who was the German scholar—the story has many forms—who sold himself to the Devil?

(*Answers on page* 16)

P.S. column

HUBERT COLE, in his survey, "The Railways Are Ours" (JOHN BULL, December 13), declares that manpower must be increased.

Granted, but the reason there are over 25,000 vacancies in the four main railways is because conditions compare so badly with other undertakings. There is little incentive to work for promotion.

The inspector at Liverpool Street earning £336 a year, whose case Hubert Cole cites, makes far less than a porter, with tips, at the same station.

The answer? Responsible and well-paid jobs for men of ability rather than promotion through seniority.—"THIRTY YEARS' SERVICE." (Full name and address enclosed.)

Fetish for Fitness

ONE REASON FOR manpower shortage on the railways is the insistence on an unreasonably high physical standard.

Wishing to be confirmed in my appointment of staff office district relief porter (travelling uniformed clerk, handling goods and passengers), I had a medical examination which revealed a slight defect in my colour vision.

Were I a guard, shunter, signalman, driver, fireman or crossing-keeper, this would be a serious defect. But for my job it was no disadvantage. Yet I have been removed to the position of temporary goods porter—and can never be given any higher rank or advancement, nor even secure a permanent position. I am, even at thirty-six, "too old for the clerical staff."—C. BAKER, 42 Bethune Road, Horsham, Sussex.

A Mother on Sex . . .

THE ARTICLE "Only Mothers Can Teach Marriage" (JOHN BULL, December 13) was timely. The full meaning and significance of marriage were impressed on my three daughters when they were youngsters.

Nothing was ever "made a mystery," and their questions were always frankly answered. Two of them are now happily married.—J. E. KITSON, 66 Hanley Road, Sneyd Green, Stoke-on-Trent.

. . . Granny Says "Wait"

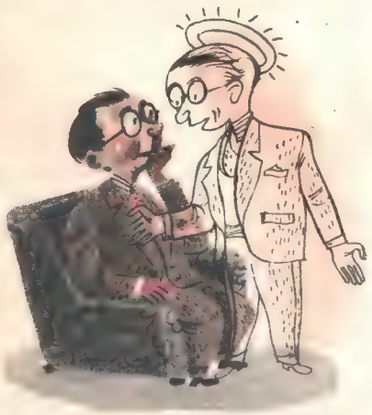
PROBLEMS OF SEX which they will have to face later should not be allowed to intrude into young children's lives. I have discussed Anne Blythe's article with my six daughters, two of whom are grandmothers, and they agree with me.

Although I am nearly eighty, I am quite modern in my outlook, but I cannot see that this current frankness makes for morality. In fact, I think people are less moral now.

The age of twelve is quite early enough for sex instruction. — "GRANNY," Blackpool. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean the Editor has overlooked them. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry full name and address of sender (preferably, though not necessarily, for publication).

WITH MY FEET UP



by Ian Fox

Service With a Smile

"THE YEAR IS DYING," said my Better Self, arriving in a flurry of good resolutions. Now you must look forward to 1948 as another year of opportunity, another twelve months of service to the community, another. . ."

". . . fifty-two weeks of writing 'With My Feet Up,'" I said.

"That reminds me," said Better Self. "In 1948, you must always deliver your column on time instead of pretending you've been waiting for inspiration. Remember, inspiration is ninety per cent perspiration."

"You mean never put off till tomorrow what you ought to have done a week ago," I said.

"Exactly," said Better Self. "And another thing. Now that there is too much money chasing too few goods, you must put your share of too much money in the bank."

"Too much which money?" I asked.

"For a rainy day," continued Better Self. "Remember we're sitting on a slippery slope like the Gadarene swine, and Britain is finished and the Empire is finished, and I shouldn't wonder if, by next New Year, the whole world won't be finished."

"You've been listening to Mr. Churchill," I said.

"What if I have?" said Better Self. "Which brings me to something else. Sometimes your column has had a bitter taste. In 1948 I hope you will give the public plenty of jolly wholesome fun instead of sneers."

"You mean jokes about kippers and prefabs?"

"Yes."

"Instead of jokes about Sir Waldron Smithers?"

"Yes."

"All right, I'll try. Roll on 1949."

Answers to Quiz on Page 15

FAMOUS CHILDREN. (1) Samuel. (2) Edward VI (1537-53). (3) Jackie Coogan. (4) Bernadette.

VEGETABLES. (1) Edible seeds of leguminous plants, such as peas, beans and lentils. (2) No. They are quite different plants; we eat the flower of the first and the tubers of the second. (3) In the Channel Islands. (4) Less—from eleven to twenty per cent.

GREAT CONTEMPORARIES. (1) India. (2) ninety-two—on July 26. (3) Because he is Leader of the Opposition (besides being an M.P.). (4) The control of atomic energy.

THE DEVIL. (1) Near Hindhead, Surrey. There is also a lake of this name in County Kerry. (2) Printer's young apprentice. (3) Playing cards. (4) Faust (Dr. Faustus).

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

DON'T FENCE THEM IN!

For youngsters starting work the New Year's *very* new. Make them feel they're one of a team. Give them a chance to chop and change

AT THIS MOMENT, I suppose, most of us could be roughly divided into two groups—those who are eagerly looking forward to 1948, and those who are looking back a little sadly on the passing of 1947.

I belong to the second group—not because I think 1947 was such a wonderful year, but simply because it's another year of my life gone by.

Once you get beyond thirty-five, the years go faster and faster. No sooner do you get comfortably settled into the idea of being forty than you have to face up to the fact that you're nearing fifty.

The best thing to do, I suppose, is to forget it. And the best way to forget it, I find (or, at least, to stop brooding on it), is to spend part of my time mixing with much younger people—people so young that they actually look forward to being older.

I've Been Mixing with Them

During the past year, I've been working on an educational project which has brought me into contact with quite a few youngsters in their teens—some still at school, some already at work.

I've been trying to find out what it feels like to leave school and start work—whether the youngster starting work today feels any differently from the way I felt thirty-two years ago.

I can certainly recommend an inquiry like this as an ideal cure for brooding on one's own advancing age. To me, in middle age, the world is apt to seem an ageing place, with a civilization slowly running down. But to see it again through the eyes of fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds is to see it as a world still young, still full of promise. And the more you think about it, the more you realize how right these youngsters are.

Don't Know What's Ahead

The saddening thing about it is that, with all our efforts to improve education during the last thirty years, many of these youngsters seem to have no more idea of what's coming to them when they start work than I had when I started.

In some ways, of course, things are much easier. At the moment, the demand for youngsters exceeds the supply, so there's a wider choice of jobs than in my time. Hours of work are shorter. Wages seem to be higher—even after allowing for the rise in the cost of living. There are often washing and canteen facilities of a kind I never knew.

Physically, I think most things are better. I'm not so sure about the mental side.

I was lucky in starting work in a one-man garage where the boss had so much to do that he was only too glad for me to get on, and take over as much responsibility as I could. I was often left in charge, and was thus able to feel an extremely important person. Passing motorists sometimes took me for a real mechanic. Or so I hoped.

The trouble with me, perhaps, was that I soon got to feel too important. At sixteen, I was running my own subsidiary business on the quiet, repairing tyres, and not learning as much as I might have done about the business as a whole. I suppose I should have qualified, nowadays, for the title of "young spiv."

Pay Packet and the Cinema

But I've been struck again and again, talking to these modern youngsters, by the fact that many of them don't feel important enough. In some cases, they're not given *any* responsibility; not even that of fetching the tea.

They're apt to get the feeling that whatever they're given to do doesn't matter very much; that the only really important thing about *their* work is the wages they'll get for it, and what's on at the cinema when it's over.

Yet I think most children leave school with a better idea about it than that. They may be looking forward more to the joys of independence, of the wages they'll earn and what those wages will buy, than to doing the work itself. But at school most of them have had a strong community feeling; and they're apt to be bitterly disappointed when they find that the feeling of being a member of the Blank Street factory is nothing like as strong as the feeling of being a member of the Blank Street school. The grown-ups they work with so often seem to look on them more as young hindrances than as helps. And these elders may have reason for it. But they shouldn't rub it in. The youngsters must be of some use, or they wouldn't be employed.

The best way to make them more useful, it seems to me, is to give them the feeling that they're important and useful members of the team from their very first day.

From the official end, both the Ministry of Labour and the local education authorities are doing far more to help the child to get the right start than ever they did in my time. The information and guidance they're giving to children and parents deserve to be far more widely known.

It's All a Bit too Smooth

I'm still a bit suspicious, though, about the kind of vocational guidance and psychological testing that claims to be able to fit a child into the right job straight away—with a shoe-horn, as it were.

I know, for instance, from nearly thirty years of practical experience, that I'm a reliable motor driver. Yet when I tried a written psychological test (in the United States in 1943), a test which claimed to indicate the kind of person who would make a good driver, I came out with very low marks.

And my own feeling was that, while the authors of that test may have known a lot about psychology, they didn't know enough about motor driving to know the right answers to their own questions—or even the best way to phrase their questions.

A Chance to Make Mistakes

For those who are looking forward to 1948 as the year when one stops doing childish things, starts work and becomes grown-up, I think the best we older ones can do is to allow them plenty of leeway—plenty of chances to make mistakes, to find out by experience, to chop and change their jobs until they find something to suit them.

With all the abuses and calamities that too much freedom, too young, can lead to, I still think it's better for the youngster to be allowed to take these risks—rather than that he, or she, should be either softened or thwarted by too much cosseting and prevention.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

A letter for Pa

by MARGARET and ROBERT FRANCIS

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Father's wishes gained scant attention from his daughters—till the day that he received a letter in a woman's handwriting

"Maybe I have a girl friend," Pa said. Emily and Isabel inwardly shuddered at the happiness on his face

THE LETTER fell on the polished oak floor with a small slap and slid into the oblong of sunlight from the window high up in the door.

Isabel's voice, high, always slightly petulant, reached her sister-in-law as, broad beam in air, she bent to pick up the slim, white envelope. "Is it for me?"

Emily was turning over the square of white vellum as she came back into the parlour. Isabel, curled up in the corner of the sofa nearest the fireplace, looked up from her needlepoint.

"Only a letter for Pa," Emily said, as she propped it behind the pipe stand on the mantlepiece. She moved the cat over on the over-stuffed, chintz-covered chair; sat down heavily.

"I was sure the invitation to the Mayor's reception would come today," she said. "I should have something new to wear but I hate to ask Pa for the money before the invitation is actually here."

Isabel settled herself for her favourite conversation. "I think I'll get a good black dress. I saw one yesterday that would be perfect. George will yell when he sees the bill. But why should I let him spend every cent on golf and the races?"

George's sister pursed her thin lips. "If George would spend more time in his law offices and less at the golf club, he could afford to buy you clothes."

"He says *he's* making an impression on his clients," Isabel grumbled, "but he doesn't care what impression *I* make."

"Watch your cigarette!" Emily said sharply. "You know how Pa blows up when there's a burn on the furniture. It isn't easy for me—spending the best years of my life running this place for him as an unpaid housekeeper. And he still treats me like a child."

THERE was a tap at the door. Cathy, broad Scottish face beaming from the heat of the kitchen, came in with the tea tray. Emily moved a couple of magazines from the coffee table so she could put down the tray.

"I probably would have married or had a career like other women, but I've always been tied to this house," she persisted.

"Darling, you would have hated working for a living," Isabel said, wickedly. "Cathy, how are you getting along with the study?"

Cathy straightened up from the tray after she had turned the handle of the Georgian teapot towards Emily.

"I haven't touched it, ma'am," she said, a touch of defiance in her voice. "The master said it was to be left the way it was—said he liked to have his old pipes and fishing tackle in there and I wasn't to touch a thing—said it was the only room in the house where he could do as he liked and it was to *stay that way*." Cathy shut her mouth with a clicking of false uppers.

Emily set down the teacup with a clatter; looked up sharply at Isabel. "He said last night the room could be cleaned if we wished!"

Isabel shrugged plump shoulders. "That was after he'd had several drinks. I was afraid then that he didn't mean it."

"But the room is filthy," Emily cried. Her sallow cheeks were flushed. "Goodness knows, with four adults living in the house we need an extra living-room. If we had the library redecorated and the old junk moved out, George could use it when his friends call. Or I could sit there when you two have guests. But the way the place smells now, with old pipes and leather chairs, nobody except Pa and his dog could stay there."

Her mouth was a tight line as she finished pouring the cup of tea and handed it to Cathy to pass to Isabel.

"That dog is another thing," Isabel said, helping herself to a tea biscuit. "Might as well have a horse in the house—always knocking something over and smells to high heaven!"

"Pa has always had a Great Dane," Emily said. "Eisenhower is no worse than the others, except that he's a puppy."

"Then it's a good time to get rid of him," Isabel said crossly. "I'm sure if we were all firm, we could do something about it. The ugly beast has chewed up most of the shoes in the house already."

"Pardon me saying so, ma'am, but Ike is good company for the master. A man that age needs some companionship." Cathy looked with hostile eyes at Isabel.

"Well, he has us," Emily sniffed. Cathy's disapproval filled the room. "That will be all, Cathy. I'll ring when I want the tray taken out."

When Cathy had closed the door, Isabel sniffed: "There goes another problem. That woman's insolence is intolerable; thinks she runs the house; us, too."

Emily sighed. "Pa will never part with Cathy, either. He said the other night she was his only friend in the house. And after all, *he's* paying her, so we can't do much about that."

Isabel's eyes had been wandering about the comfortable room. They rested for a moment on the letter by Pa's pipe rack.

"Who is Pa's letter from?" she asked. "Doesn't look like a business envelope and he doesn't get any others."

Emily leaned back in her chair. "I don't recognize the handwriting, so it can't be from any of the relatives."

"Looks like a woman's hand, from here," Isabel said, peering at the white square. "What's the postmark?"

Emily didn't rouse herself for a minute,

"It really DOES make teeth whiter!"

You can see new, brilliant whiteness smiling back at you from your mirror after a week of using Pepsodent – the toothpaste that has Irium in it. Irium is *exclusive to Pepsodent* – and no more effective tooth-cleaning substance is known to dental science. Softly, gently, *surely*, it emulsifies and washes away the dulling stains and film that hide the pearly whiteness of your smile. It leaves teeth sparkling white — whiter than you can remember seeing them since you were tiny! Use Pepsodent Toothpaste twice a day — see your dentist twice a year.

It's the Irium in Pepsodent toothpaste that gives you sparkling white teeth

PD 124F-786-55

For Quality

PARK DRIVE

TEN FOR 1/3

but the spark in her green eyes showed she was interested.

"I didn't notice," she said, "but it's certainly a woman's writing. Now *what woman would be writing to Pa?*"

Slowly she got up from her chair and walked to the mantelpiece. She took her glasses from the pocket of her tweed skirt and examined the letter's postmark.

"Pine something," she said. "It's very indistinct. I think it's some place in Ontario. Can't make it out."

"Isn't that where Pa went fishing last summer? There's a lodge, or something."

Emily sat down with the letter still in her hand. "I think you're right. He seemed crazy about the place when he came back, but I didn't pay much attention to what he said."

"He mentioned that the food was good, I remember," Isabel said, "and I think I remember him telling Cathy that the woman who ran the place was a 'good scout.' Apparently there weren't many people there so they became rather chummy."

"I guess that's the woman whose photograph he has in his desk drawer," Emily said. "I saw it when I was looking for stamps this morning. Rather coarse-looking, I thought, wearing slacks and holding a fishing rod. Eisenhower, in the picture, seemed to be making a great fuss over her."

Emily reached for the Chinese temple bell at her side and tinkled for Cathy.

Isabel set her cup back on the tray. "Sounds like the one. He was telling Cathy she'd like her."

"Why on earth would he say *that*?" Emily was sitting alert in her chair now. There was a frown on her middle-aged face.

Isabel waited until Cathy had removed the tray before she spoke: "Emily, did it ever occur to you that your father might marry again?" There was fear in her voice.

EMILY'S well-cared-for hands gripped the arms of her chair. "How utterly ridiculous," she snapped. "What would he do with a wife at his age? He's got me to look after him. Another woman in the house would be insufferable."

"But lots of men *do* marry when they're over sixty-five," Isabel insisted. "And you know, Pa has seemed different since he came back from that trip last summer. He looks livelier. He's pleased with himself."

The expression on Emily's face was akin to terror. "I believe you're right, Isabel," she said tensely. "But he simply couldn't do *that* to us! The house is crowded now. Not that I don't like having you and George here, Isabel. But another woman, a stranger——" she ended in a wail.

"And don't forget that *as Pa's wife*, she'd be head of the house," Isabel said. "After all, the rest of us are just guests here. It's your father's house."

"I know." Emily's voice held defeat now. "It's his to do what he likes with. He could even put us all out. He might, too—if that woman told him to." In Emily's mind, the stepmother was already a reality.

Isabel's carefully made-up face went suddenly blank. "He might, too. And then what would happen to us? George and I could never keep up an establishment on what he makes. We'd have to live in one of those frightful two-roomed apartments somewhere."

"Well, that would be better than a boarding house." Emily was whining now. "You can be sure Pa wouldn't give me much of an allowance. I'd have to live in some fusty place with a lot of old maids.

"And what could I do to support myself *at my age*?"

"Even then, you'd be better off than us," Isabel continued bitterly.

"With George's expensive tastes, we'd be in debt up to our ears in two months."

Emily covered her face with her hands. "Pa simply couldn't do this to me. . . . I've given my whole life to making him happy."

Isabel lighted a cigarette and her face was thoughtful. "That's just it," she said. "Have you, have we, made him happy? You know what he's always said about not having a friend in the house except Cathy, and not a corner of the place being his own."

Emily was close to tears. "Well, all we tried to do was make him comfortable. The changes we made were for his own good."

SUDDENLY there was a crash as the large outside door was thrown violently open. A body was flung against the parlour door; a fawn Great Dane burst into the room.

The rug was pushed askew as he bounded up to Emily with gleeful greeting. After paying his respects to her, he cleared the coffee table at a leap, was on the sofa beside Isabel, licking her face.

"Eisenhower," Emily opened her mouth to scream the word. But then her expression changed and with self control she said in a friendly voice: "Good old Ike. Nice puppy. Has he been for a nice walk with Pa?"

Quickly Isabel, fending off the dog's affections, took the cue. She scratched the massive head and said: "Good Ike, nice doggie. Say hello to Isabel."

When the heavy-set figure of Pa appeared in the doorway, his lined cheeks red from the frosty air, he saw his daughter-in-law romping on the sofa with Eisenhower, while Emily encouraged the game from the other side of the room. He stopped dead in his tracks and said in a booming voice: "I'll be darned. Are you girls sick?"

"What a silly thing to ask, Pa," Emily exclaimed with forced merriment. "Come and sit down. Aren't Isabel and Ike having fun?"

Pa sat on a chair near the door. There was bewilderment on his face.

"Would you like some tea, Pa?" Isabel panted as she warded off Ike.

"Of course he wouldn't," Emily said. "Pa hates tea. But I could mix you a drink, Pa."

"Huh—what's that?" The elderly man shot his head forward to peer at his daughter. "A drink? Sure I'd like a drink. But I'll get my own, like I usually do." He stopped suddenly; suspicion crossed his face.

"Emily, have you torn up my den?"

"Father, don't be silly," Emily laughed pleasantly. "Of course we haven't touched your den. That's your sanctum and it must be *just* the way you like it. We wouldn't *dream* of changing a thing, would we, Isabel?"

"Of course not," Isabel managed to say. By this time she was pinned by Ike, who licked playfully at her make-up.

"All we want is for Pa to be comfortable. After all, this is his house."

Pa looked from one to the other. "I guess I better get that drink," he said.

He was at the door when Emily said: "There's a letter for you, Pa. A woman's handwriting, too," she added, an attempt at bantering in her voice.

Ike had bounded to the door with Pa, and Isabel, dishevelled but triumphant, was upright once more. "I think you have a girl friend, Pa," she said teasingly.

"Now what would Pa want with a girl friend," Emily chided, "when all of us are so happy here together?"

Pa picked up the envelope; slit it open with his penknife. A smile turned his face into that of a benevolent, white-haired Buddha as he read the neat hand-writing. He put the letter and envelope into the pocket of his baggy coat before he turned his attention back to the two women. His blue eyes twinkled under shaggy white brows. Emily and Isabel inwardly shuddered at the happiness on his face.

"Maybe I have a girl friend," he allowed, good-naturedly. "Maybe I have. How would you like a new mother, Emily?"

HE stood for a moment gazing a little sadly into the glowing fireplace. His mind wandered over the state of affairs in his home. He laughed silently at the turmoil he sensed in Emily's head.

He wondered what the two women's reaction would be if he *were* to bring another woman into the house. Pa could not make up his mind whether daughters or daughters-in-law were more trouble. Not that he really worried. He went his own way—let them do the fretting.

"Getting chilly in here," he remarked casually. He walked slowly to the fireplace; went down on one knee in front of the grate. With deliberation he poked the embers into life; threw a log on.

He watched it flare for a moment. Then, without any show of haste, he pulled the letter from his pocket and tossed it lightly into the flames thinking:

Better to burn the letter, than have Emily and Isabel find it to read: "In answer to your query regarding reservations for hunting season, we are pleased to inform you that you may have the room which you occupied last summer. Rates will be same as before."

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Income Tax Puzzles a Shopkeeper

INCOME tax problems bewilder many men who have started in business on their own. One reader ("I have taken a small business and live on the premises") asks these questions:

(1) When a man takes over a business is he allowed the first year free of tax? (2) In my income tax return, do I state the full amount of rent and rates or allow a portion for the shop? (3) Do I state the full electricity bill or give the domestic and shop consumption separately? (4) Do I include the amount of my life assurance premiums or only the insurance for the shop? (5) When I take stock at the end of the period, do I give wholesale or retail value?

Here are the answers: (1) There is no tax-free period when a new business is started. (2) and (3) Proportion of rent, rates and electricity allowed as a business expense will have to be agreed with your Inspector of Taxes. It is probably simpler to charge the whole amount to your accounts. A proportion will then be disallowed and added back in the computation of tax payable. (4) Life assurance premiums should be entered as "drawings"—they are not business expenses. In your return, you should give particulars of the policies as some tax relief will result from them. (5) Stock has to be taken at cost price unless it has fallen in value, when market prices can be substituted.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

He's Won His HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"BULLETS" 1,608 FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus New Year Celebration: J. L. Steel, 27 Clinton Road, Leatherhead: WHAT MINER'S FOUND "DOWN UNDER"—NEW *Zeal!* SECOND PRIZE, £25: R. W. Wright, Glenesk, Perth Road, Dunblane, Perthshire: OLD MAN 1947—"EVERGREEN" IN ELIZABETH'S "GARDEN." THIRD PRIZE, £10: J. Trahair, Gwavas Villa, Newlyn, Penzance: ANOTHER WORLD—JUST "BEYOND THE GAP."

OTHER AWARDS: £9: C. Jones, 42 Gleton Avenue, West Hove: END OF A CONFERENCE—ANGLO-AMERICAN "AGREEMENT" ABOUT MOLOTOV! £8: A. W. Ingram, 103 Frobisher Road, Hornsey, N.8: END OF A GAMBLE—"CRUMPLED FORM" IN ROADWAY. £7: L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester: LESSON TO EVERYBODY—"CIVIL DEFENCE CLASSES RE-OPENING—" £6: H. Scholes, 4 Marley Drive, Park Road, Sale, Manchester: WHAT WILSON FOUND—BEHIND "CURTAIN," "TRADESMAN'S ENTRANCE.' Five of £5: H. Aspin, 3 Burnsall Avenue, Blackpool: END OF A BUDDING—NURSE—A FORBIDDING MATRON! W. A. R. Deacon, 24 Bristol Road, Coventry: TRUE LOVE—MOONSHINE? HIGHLIGHT! Miss R. L. M. Sambrook, 152 Lichfield Road, Bloxwich: WHAT WINSTON'S FOUND—*Real* DESERT TO "PAINT." Miss E. Watson, 57 Hercus Loan, Musselburgh: END OF A TRIAL—OF PATIENCE. PALESTINE "VERDICT." C. Wright, The Schoolhouse, Woodlesford, near Leeds: SKIES MAY BE GREY, BUT—LOVELY, AFTER HOSPITAL CEILING!

Above prizes, from £25 to £5, each accompanied by New Year Gift. Twenty-five of 10s., 50 "Bullets" Seasons and 1,500 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

Mrs. Matthewman of 8 Priory Close, Beckenham, Kent won £300 First Prize in *Bullets* No. 1,605.

Novel 2-in-1 First

heading Prizes value over

£300 CASH plus £25 Mystery Presentation **£500**

Each of the nine Mystery Gifts previously awarded has been hailed with delight by its winner. Another will accompany this week's First Prize Cheque.

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 5 of £5
50 "Bullets" Seasons, 1,948
New Prizes each with £20
Bonus Opportunity

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Ahead Of Britain
The Larder's Bare, But
Storm Over Palestine
Power Of The Purse
Thanks To The Miners
Nose To The Grindstone
Looking Up — Civilization
Contented — Woman To Woman
Sky-high — Sandy's Baby
Lame Excuse — Without Frills
Aches And Pains
On The Face Of It
In The Spider's Web
Got It All Wrong
Gone In A Flash
Knows His Way About

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

If We All..... Generous .....
Saved For..... .....Picture
Deaf To..... Far From.....

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated January 31, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD £100 and SURPRISE PARCELS

PRIZES VALUE UP TO £225

£100 FIRST PRIZE
Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up—Big Surprise Parcel from Selfridges with each prize value £1 or over.

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Plain-paper Squares, same rate of Entry-fee. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated January 24.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature upon coupon constitutes agreement to Rules.

6 BIG CHEQUES WON—XWORD 560

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Tour. 2, Patch. 5, Tries. 6, Rebels. 9, Belt. 10, Hit. 12, Buss. 13, Zest. DOWN: 1, Tots. 3, Tower. 4, Houses. 7, Cur. 8, Have. 9, Bonus. 11, Sot.

SIX £100 SHARERS: Miss E. M. Day, 15 Anglesey Road, Gosport; F. Dunningham, Ivy Cottage, Gay Bowers, Danbury; J. Lamb, 105 Cornwallis Road, Cowley; A. E. Porter, "Hillrise," Icknield Way, Tring; W. H. Strelling, 37 Redland Drive, Kirkella, Yorks; Mrs. A. Tomkins, 2 Benfield Street, Heywood.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 33 entrants. Winners receive 14-lb. Surprise Parcels in addition.

CLUES FOR XWORD 563

Across

1. Puppy's may result in complaints from neighbours
3. Cook may now and again find them useful
5. Even this can cause a motor accident
6. Man with invincible spirit will never be beaten by his
9. The bishops in certain ones have far-reaching power
11. Doesn't necessarily imply a row
14. There's nothing surprising about finding hot water-bottle in this
15. This can be refreshing to certain people

Down

2. Small ones are apt to bicker
4. Rich man very often does this himself
7. House owner is probably to blame if faced with this of external repairs
8. Doesn't usually lie heavily on young child
10. Chesterfield suites of furniture are dearer if they are
12. Capacity of one isn't really material
13. This is something put on

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" 1,611 (or XWORD 563) "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Jan. 24 containing **GRAND NEW PRIZE OFFER**

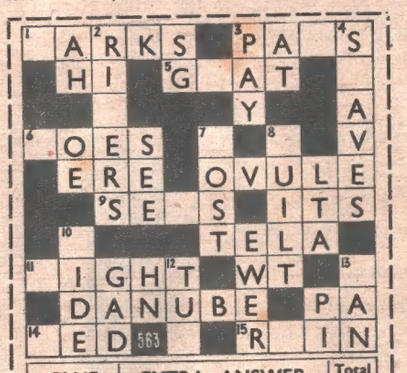
424
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

Closing Postmark.
1,611 MON., JAN. 12

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....
No. .....

Signed .....
Address .....
.....



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

I enclose P.O. value.....
No..... Closing Postmark. MON., JAN. 12
Signed..... **563**
Address.....
.....

The answer

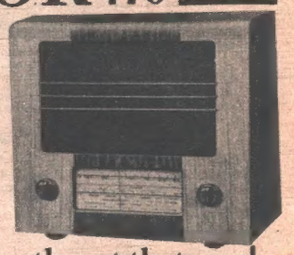
to many everyday problems
lies in making the fullest use of
the service of the
MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

NOW's the time to buy your COSSOR 470

Special Notice! *Some dealers still have pre-budget stocks*

HURRY! There is (at present) a good stock of the famous Cossor 470 models at your local Cossor stockist's—but there's no knowing how long supplies will last. Do not miss your chance to secure this wonderful set—it is widely acknowledged to be 1947's best radio buy. Ask to see and hear a Cossor 470 *to-day*. Read this specification:—

FULL-SIZE table cabinet, designed to give ample baffle area to an 8-inch speaker, thus giving remarkable richness of tone. Takes extension speaker and pick-up. Highly developed Superhet circuit with sensitive response on Long, Medium and Short Wave Bands. Knife-edge tuning. 5 special Cossor valves, including Beam Tetrode Output. Full Automatic Volume Control; simplified hand controls. Clear floodlit station-selector dial. Dignified modern cabinet work in rich Walnut with three copper bars. £21.11.6 plus purchase tax.



...the set that works WONDERFULLY!

A · C · COSSOR · LTD · LONDON · N5

EASY'S rich, stay-moist lather holds bristles upright, ensures a really close, smooth shave. Use Lever's Easy in the morning and you stay fresh-shaved *all day!*

Good for 100 Shaves

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

E 428-943 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

Burnt your finger? Quick!.... *fly for first aid to....* *'VASELINE' Petroleum Jelly*

It shuts out dirt and germs, helps healing★

★ *Important Medical fact*

The molecules in 'Vaseline' Brand Petroleum Jelly 'lie down' or overlap, thus forming a seal which shuts out dirt and germs. That is why 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly is so strongly recommended for First Aid in cases of minor burns, cuts, sore places, bruises, broken skin, and scalds. Babies' sore, chafed skin needs 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly, too.

FLY FOR FIRST AID TO TRADE **Vaseline** MARK BRAND **PETROLEUM JELLY**

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd

1292

These latest chocolates by Cadbury remind you that life still holds some thrills — if you look for them. You may have to look quite hard for a box of Vogue. But when you've found them — '*Ah,*' you'll say, '*these are something* LIKE.'

There are ten different kinds in every box. Ten antidotes for the dumps. Ten delightful reminders that the loveliest chocolates come from Cadbury's 'Factory in a Garden.'

CADBURYS